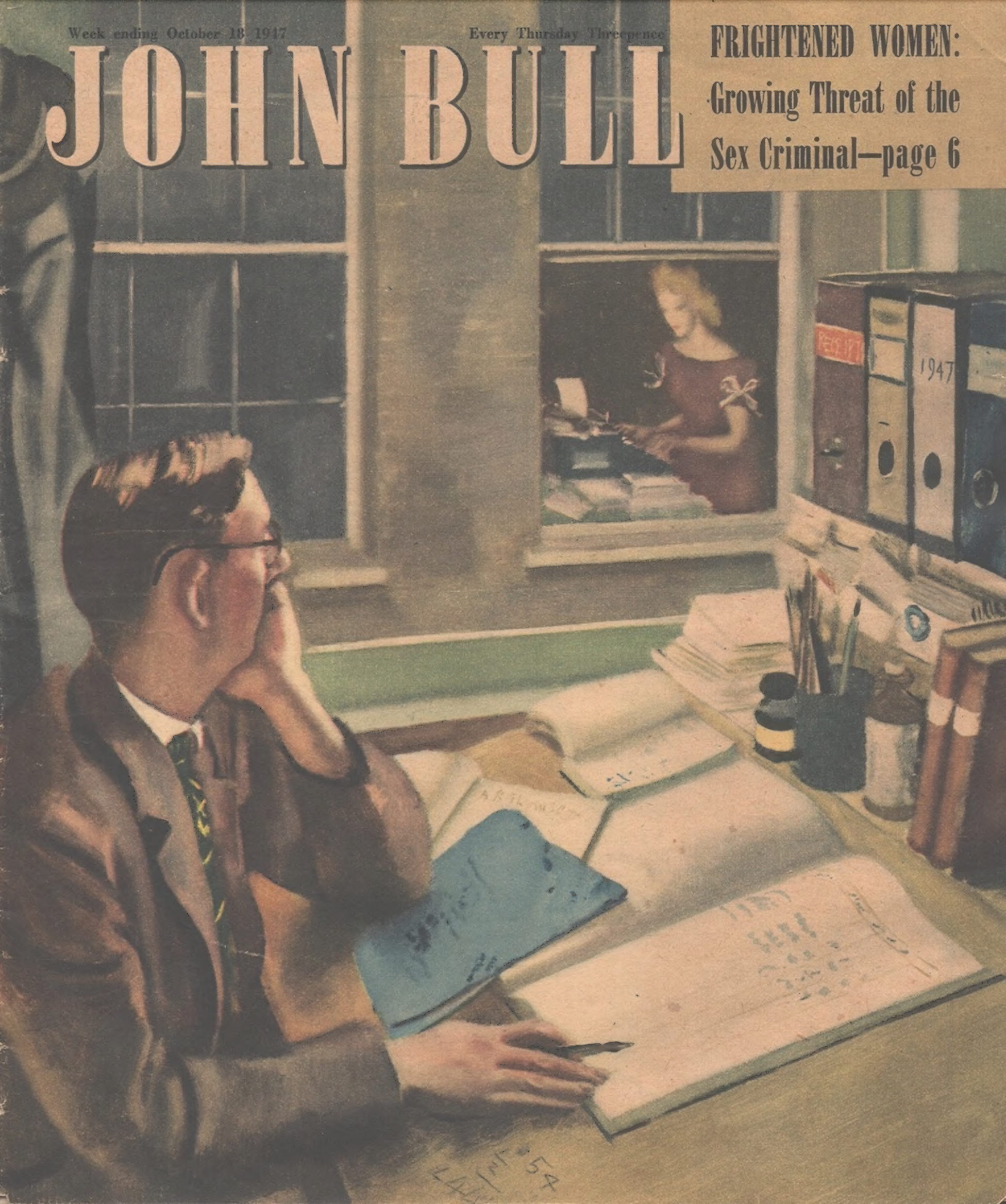
Week ending October 18 1947

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

FRIGHTENED WOMEN: Growing Threat of the Sex Criminal—page 6



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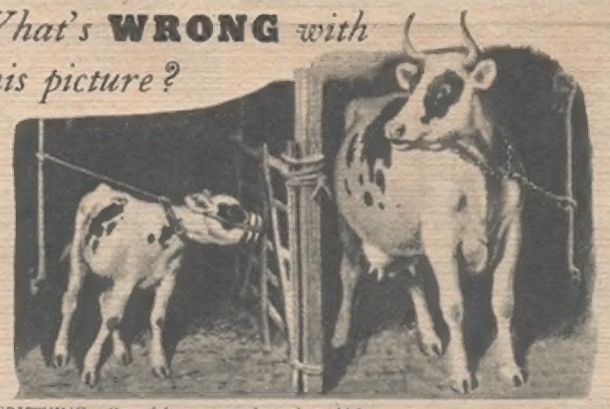

EVERYTHING ... One of the many cruel practices which unfortunately still exists in some markets is that of sending a cow to market unmilked. The muzzled calf is denied food while the mother suffers agonies. RSPCA inspectors keep these practices in check, but we can have only as many inspectors as donations allow. *Please* send a donation now. Secretary (Dept. JB), RSPCA, 105 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

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OCTOBER 18, 1947 VOLUME 82 NUMBER 2155

Prices, Wages and Profits

PARLIAMENT MEETS AGAIN next Tuesday to begin one of its most momentous sessions.

Momentous, not so much because of the legislation which is expected, as because the most dangerous months of the economic crisis must pass before M.P.s disperse again next summer.

There are not likely to be so many vast and controversial new Government Bills as have marked the last two Sessions. Parliamentary heat will instead be turned mainly on the day-by-day handling of our economic affairs. And the first big flare-up will probably arise over the emergency Autumn Budget which is expected to forge new weapons against inflation.

Three things the Government has got to make a firm stand on are prices, wages and profits. None of these must be allowed to run away.

Greater exports and lower imports mean fewer goods in the shops. So far, fewer goods have always meant inflationary price rises, with detrimental results to the mass of the people. There must be no more of that, and only firm Government action can stop it.

JOHN BULL has always stood squarely for good and fair wages, and reasonable profits. But we recognize that excesses of either are vastly different propositions in the present crisis. They could be harmful and dangerous things which would eventually lead to unemployment and poverty.

Consequently, until we are through the crisis, anything extra put into most pay packets must be for extra work—not more money for the same amount of work.

Equally, business men must be prepared to accept reasonable profit margins. Now that our national peril and individual responsibilities are crystal clear, both employer and employee will play the game. But the Government must give them the necessary lead.

The B.B.C.'s Money

THE B.B.C. IS ONE OF THOSE peculiarly British institutions which continually puzzle foreigners.

It is not a commercial enterprise, yet it collects money from its customers, the listeners. It is a monopoly, yet its various programmes compete for popularity. It is not controlled by the Government—or is it?

A Frenchman or a Russian only thinks you are mad if you tell him truthfully that no one, either in or out of Parliament, has been able to explain exactly what are the peacetime relations between the B.B.C. and the Government.

And this apparently indefinite arrangement has worked very well. We all criticize the B.B.C. but we wouldn't change it for anybody else's broadcasting system.

Now something is happening which the public ought to watch carefully. The Treasury is keeping a tighter control over the money the B.B.C. spends.

This money comes from two sources—your licence fees, and an annual Government contribution. How the total is spent has never been very clear. The B.B.C. publishes a brief annual balance sheet, but the cost of such items as broadcasts to various countries overseas is kept secret. Ask for this information, and you will be told firmly that you can't have it.

Well, if the Government pays the piper for overseas propaganda, it is entitled to call the tune, which is generally composed by the Foreign Office or the Board of Trade.

But there are possible dangers in increasing the Government's financial control over ordinary home broadcasting.

It will be exercised by Treasury officials, who are notoriously unimaginative and hard-headed people. We are told that there will be "no interference with the responsibility of the Corporation for day-to-day management."

We should hope not! And we must keep an eye on the Treasury men who are keeping an eye on the B.B.C.

Selling Britain Short

AN AMERICAN EDITOR recently wrote to a British colleague in London: "If I can believe the reports we get, you must be on the point of starvation and in rags. Can we send you food and clothes?"

Although we appreciate the kindly individual thought prompting them, letters such as this anger us. Admittedly we British have not enough of many things. But we are far from starvation or nakedness.

These misunderstandings must somehow be put right. The Government's information service in New York is trying to put the true facts of our life before the American public, and to some extent it is succeeding.

But its efforts are hampered and often nullified by the bleatings of the handful of moaners who cannot find anything good or right in their own country. For their own selfish ends they distort and misrepresent facts. They sell Britain short.

Also, of course, many American newspapermen over here are too apt to compare our standards of austerity living, with its system of fair shares of all essentials for all, with the superabundant, invidious luxury of their own country, where poverty and plenty still exist side by side.

To both these classes, JOHN BULL says: stick to the facts; they tell the story of the real Britain and how much better it is in many ways from the prewar contradictions of near-starvation and wasteful plenty.

Bilking the Bookie

MORE BOOKMAKERS ARE going to law to recover gambling debts from clients, and they are doing it in the Criminal Courts because the law says they cannot do it where other debts are collected—in the civil courts.

A defaulting punter has to be accused of fraud. This puts a fearful strain on the wisdom and tolerance of the jurymen who must decide such cases.

Many jurymen believe sincerely that all betting is wrong. Others again want to see all restrictions on betting swept away. No wonder that "mixed" juries often find it very difficult to agree.

The real trouble is that our betting laws are obsolete and illogical, if not hypocritical.

Betting should be put on a business-like basis, in which default or fraud is subject to the same penalties as in any other business. The old laws, which are a feeble compromise between conscience, privilege and self-indulgence, should be replaced by a simple, clear-cut code.

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★ *Overheard in the Showroom of an Authorised Hoover Dealer*

The famous Hoover Cleaner — the best in the world — is still at *the pre-war price.* Only purchase tax is extra. Don't miss such a bargain — see your Authorised Hoover Dealer now to ensure early delivery. There is a Hoover cleaner for every size and type of home.

Prices from £10.10.0 to £20.8.0
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REGISTERED TRADE MARK
It BEATS ... as it Sweeps . as it Cleans

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She had longed to hear him say that, and she'd felt all evening that he *would* say it. Her bewitching lips were even more desirable with Snowfire Lipstick. She breathed a silent thanks to her Snowfire Powder, too. Her skin had never looked lovelier.

Snowfire Powder — petal-soft and temperature proof: Naturelle, Rachelle, Peach, Riviera and Tropical Tan, 1/2d. and 7d. Snowfire Lipstick — makes lips dewy and inviting — Chiffon Pink, Satin Red, Cabaret, Cherry and Fuchsia. 1/6d

Snowfire
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VIM—the top-speed cleaner with the velvet touch!

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Try HUSBAND'S SPONGE Today!
8 oz. plain flour, 3 teaspoons Miller's British Baking Powder, 2 oz. fat, 2 oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, ¼ pint warm water, 2 teaspoons powdered ginger.
BEAT WELL syrup, sugar and fat in warmed bowl. Add sieved dry ingredients alternately with water. Pour into 2 greased, floured sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Sandwich together when cold with blended margarine and marmalade.

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BRITISH
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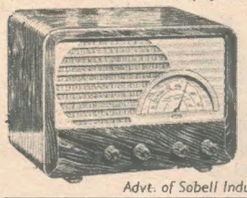

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The plus of MALT with its rich flavour to make these crackle-crisp corn flakes extra tasty and extra sweet to save your sugar.

The plus of CORN-OFF-THE-COB golden ripe from the harvest field to provide the nourishment and energy that busy people need.

LARGE 8 oz. PACKET. 10 GENEROUS HELPINGS. 3 POINTS 8d.

Beware of NERVOUS INDIGESTION

Indigestion often comes from a nervous system starved of Vitamin B. There is only one way to remedy it. Increase the Vitamin B content of your food.

The simplest way is to take two tablets of Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. It is simply *pure "LIVE" Yeast* in palatable form. And "live" Yeast is the **richest natural source of all the B vitamins.** You will be amazed at the result. You will sleep better, digest your food better, tire less quickly, feel better in every way.

But be sure you ask for Phillips Tonic Yeast—the *real "live"* Vitamin Yeast. *At all chemists.*

Phillips TONIC YEAST

50 Tablets 1/3, 150 for 3/-, 300 for 5/-.

"What makes the best biscuits?" asked the March Hare. "Pepper!" said the Cook. "Treacle!" murmured the Dormouse. "He means *who* makes the best biscuits", said Alice. "That's easy!" exclaimed the Mad Hatter holding out a cup in one hand and a Crawford's Cream Cracker in the other.

After Tenniel by permission of Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. Ltd.

Crawford's biscuits are good biscuits

The law alone cannot quell anti-Semitism. It is up to each of us to guard against evil whispering campaigns that are as dangerous as perverted soap-box oratory

•

by HARRY HOPKINS

Shadow of Hate over Britain

Police scuffle with demonstrators at prewar Mosley meeting. Today anti-Semitism is again a talking point

AS YOU BOARD A BUS at the Bank and travel eastwards into the mean streets, the names on the shop signs change. They change from Smith and Brown and Jones to Greenbaum and Cohen and Lewis and Offenbach.

And there are chalk-scrawls on the walls—sometimes a couple of hammer-and-sickles; other times "Johnny Loves Mary"; and other times again, a row of zig-zags in circles, and a brief message: "Down with the Jews." Chalk is easily rubbed out, but it generally leaves a smudge—and it sometimes awakens a memory.

It is not only chalk marks that are awakening memories in the East End of London just now. For weeks past East Enders have witnessed mob-orators taking up their stand in the heart of Jewish areas. And it is not only in the East End that things are happening so strangely reminiscent of Sir Oswald Mosley and his thugs and the events which led up to the national scandal of Olympia and the Battle of Cable Street in the years before the war.

Faint and intermittent, but nevertheless discernible, the same ugly shadow is falling across the pavements of Manchester's Cheetham Hill, Liverpool's Wavertree Road and Glasgow's Gorbals—the shadow of race hatred.

In December there was a wave of synagogue burning. On two nights in August Jewish windows were broken in Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Halifax, Flint, Newport, Brighton, Eccles and Newcastle. When the fire brigade came to a blazing Jewish cabinet makers in Edge Hill the mob slashed at its hoses. Jews were baited in cinema queues in central Manchester as if it were Nazi Germany. A firm of hairdressers printed for its shop-windows a notice which ran: "Hold Your Fire: We Are British."

Now half a dozen Liverpool toughs with an armful of half-bricks can make a pretty big noise, and a couple of morons can write their nasty little selves very big with a piece of chalk. It may well be that, as the Home Secretary said, "it would be a mistake to regard these events as any indication of public feeling."

Nevertheless, it is the opinion of most people who are in a position to know that anti-Semitic feeling, once confined to isolated pockets, is today more widespread in Britain than ever before.

In the East London borough of Hackney live 40,000 Jewish people, two in every nine of the citizens of Hackney. The "Gentile" Cockneys of the East End are well used to the "Jewish" Cockneys; they are as much a part of their natural environment as the jellied eel stalls which, in fact, they often run. The "Gentile" Cockneys may have their jokes about the "Jewish" Cockneys from time to time, but they are cheerful, Cockney jokes—they bear no ill-will.

Enter, Bitter Propagandists

Now what happens? Into this cosy, if rather overcrowded, company come bitter men with their propaganda and old Izzy Cohen suddenly becomes, not just the next-door neighbour, but an "alien" who eats up all our food and was, moreover, responsible for the war.

Of course, while never averse from a free show, East Enders have a good deal more sense than this. The Jew-baiters may boast of what they will do when they win the borough at the next elections, but in fact the support they are receiving is negligible.

Nevertheless, on Sunday nights the streets of Hackney are blue with policemen. The tension rises. Human nature being what it is, it's bound to rise—all part of the Jew-baiters' calculations.

"There's a really worried feeling among the local people," said Solly Kaye, of Lauriston Road. "I've lived in Hackney all my life, and if there isn't more anti-Semitism now, people are certainly giving it much freer expression. It's hard to quote outstanding things. It's just those little day-to-day knocks."

He told me two stories of those little daily knocks. Kaye's wife is a non-Jew. He was standing with her one day in a queue at the greengrocer's at Wales Street market. The woman in front of them was not a Jew. When she reached the counter, she asked the greengrocer for bananas. He gave her some bad ones. "No," she said. "Those over there, like the other lady had."

The greengrocer frowned. "You'll have what comes, same as I have to do," he said.

"Okay," said the woman. "You can take these back then." She dumped her earlier purchases back on the counter and walked out. The greengrocer turned to the queue. "These bloody Yids," he said.

Soon afterwards Kaye and his wife were at the races. He had round his neck a pair of binoculars borrowed from his brother just home from Germany. The man behind spotted the binoculars. "Jews," he muttered. "They've tons of money."

Anti-Semites divide sharply into two types: the rabid and the quiescent.

One of the worst tricks of the extreme type is making anonymous telephone calls to prominent local Jews. Another is chalking on walls. He is also fond of writing letters. Here is a sample, one of the milder ones, but nevertheless characteristic, except in being signed. It is written to Daniel Cohen, Paddington municipal election candidate.

53 Sutherland Avenue, W.9.

Dear Cohensky:

You could have dispersed your war gratuity in a better way than aspire to political notoriety locally. You could have departed to the country

Continued on page 10

HOW CAN WE BEAT THE SEX CRIMINAL?

by CYRIL JAMES

A casual "date" ends in rape or murder — and adds to the alarm felt by women throughout Britain as the toll of sex crime grows. The sex criminal is a real and menacing figure today. Yet much could be done to limit the scope for his outbursts

WHEN THE STRANGE SOLDIER crossed the floor and asked for the next dance, the girl who had sat out the last two was flattered and delighted. She was not the type who is danced off her feet by adoring partners.

She was a good mixer in a mild sort of way but offered no competition to the jitterbug girls who dominated this small-town dance hall. She was twenty-two and looked a shade older.

On his side, the soldier was not the sort of escort a palais girl will fight to attract. He was thirtyish, had a rather sulky expression, and a row of campaign ribbons on his tunic. Perhaps it was because he was so deferential in asking for the dance that the girl broke a self-imposed rule and a little later agreed to go with him for a drink across the road. She had wanted lemonade but he brought her gin. She was talking away so vigorously that she failed to stop him getting her a second drink.

Then he spoke about himself. He was waiting demobilization at his regimental depot in a nearby town. He had come over to the dance because he didn't know many of the fellows at the barracks: he had been posted away from his own crowd. No, he wasn't married, but there *had* been a girl. He had planned to marry her—until he found out what she'd been up to while he was overseas. It made him feel disgusted with women.

Before the dance finished she agreed to have a final drink with him. She had three. When the band played the National Anthem, she left the hall, and there he was, waiting to see her home.

Like most girls who used that dance hall, she believed she was quite capable of handling a man. She had experienced the sort of lovemaking that went on in the lanes and back streets of the town and this was not the first time she had walked alone with a man at night. She knew exactly how far to go. She knew when to say "Stop."

Later, much later, she was to ask herself what on earth possessed her to agree to leave the road and accompany him on a short cut across the fields. She went over the stile and into the meadow, although as a local girl she knew there was no real short cut that way to the main road.

Half-way across the field the soldier embraced her. She did not object until he tried to push his attentions still farther. She forced him away and he became angry. She tried to scream and he caught her by the throat. She struggled with him and scratched his face. He threw her on the ground and she kicked wildly at him. He struck her a series of heavy blows on the head which made her dizzy, weak, helpless to resist any longer.

An hour later an hysterical girl, her clothing ripped, her hair falling over a blood-smeared face, hammered at a cottage door and collapsed.

He Had Bad Record

At the assizes where the soldier was tried for rape she discovered quite a lot more about this man whom she had casually met at a dance. He had been in plenty of trouble before.

In 1938 he went to prison for six months for an indecent assault on the waitress at a small hotel where he worked as kitchen porter. Two years later he received twelve months for a common assault on a woman in a public-house brawl. He was called up into the Army in 1943 and his regimental record was bad. He had served two periods of detention in military prisons: one for being absent without leave and one for striking an n.c.o.

He had married in 1935 but had deserted his wife and small child a year later. Since then he had not contributed to their support. In the Army he passed himself off as a single man.

Giving evidence, he swore that the girl had first approached him at the dance and that everything was with her consent; it was only when she became frightened that he lost his head and struck her to prevent her making a scene.

He was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

This account is a digest, an amalgam, of facts typical of more than a hundred cases of rape or attempted rape selected from the records of the last six years. It presents a rough profile of a familiar type of sex criminal, the rapist, and a picture of what might be called the "average victim."

Behind this stock case lie disturbing figures which show that sex crimes are on the increase. And behind the figures lie the reasons for a real wave of uneasiness and fear among women in Britain today—fear for the safety and even the lives of their children and themselves.

During the period 1900-1904, the annual average of indecent assaults on women and girls was 695. By 1920-1924 it had jumped to 1,515. In 1938 the number of such assaults known to the police had reached a peak total of 2,593. Instances of the defilement of girls between thirteen and sixteen rose steadily from 184 in 1920 to 477 in 1938. Classified figures for the wartime period are not available, but it is certain that the 1938 totals will be passed by a considerable margin.

Other varieties of sex crimes show an occasional drop from year to year but an overall increase. Here are additional figures based on convictions:

	1939	*1940*	*1941*	*1944*
Unnatural offences and attempts	187	213	250	276
Rape and other offences against females	491	427	451	511

Over a longer period, the rape statistics show that the proportion of cases per million of population rose from 24.4 in the 1900-1909 period to 34.6 in 1930-1934 and 43.8 in 1938.

An analysis of the records of sex criminals sentenced provides its own commentary on the efficacy of stiff prison sentences as a deterrent. Of 450 prisoners sentenced for rape, 219 were known to have offended previously. Thirty-five convicts had between six and ten previous offences. Fourteen had between eleven and twenty offences.

Classification of just over 2,300 sex criminals revealed the following age groups:

Under 14 years of age	5 per cent
14-17 years	15 per cent
17-21 years	15 per cent
21-25 years	9 per cent
25-30 years	12 per cent
30 years and over	44 per cent

Largest proportion of males reconvicted for sex crimes are aged sixteen and seventeen.

To all these figures must be added the countless numbers of sex offences which are undetected or pass off unpunished because parents may not have cared to face the publicity which court hearings inevitably bring, even though the names of child victims are, by law, suppressed. There remains, too, the great mystery figure in sex crime — the figure of undenounced acts of incest. Authorities agree that the number of cases in this category reaching the courts reflects to only an extent the widespread nature of this degeneracy, usually on a not easily detectable father-daughter basis.

The sex criminal, far from being a relic of a ruder, less educated age, is an active and alarming figure in present-day society. What does he look like? How can he be recognized? Of all criminal characters, the sex offender presents the police with their most unpredictable quarry.

Can't Tell By Looks

The sex criminal in the main is physically and socially unrecognizable as such. He may be a tough, repellent crook, a typical product of slumland's depths. He may just as likely be a member of the professional classes, a respectable figure on the surface, a leader of local society.

Unlike the thief, receiver, robber or confidence trickster, the sex criminal does not mix with any especial underworld set. Other criminals congregate in groups when not "working," a fact which helps the police considerably whenever there is an outbreak of a particular type of offence. The sex criminal needs no accomplices—except in the rare cases where degenerates have used the help of depraved women to procure under-age girls. He conforms to no set pattern of behaviour.

Indeed, if he happens to make any contact at all with other criminal types, he finds he is extremely unpopular and unwanted. The housebreaker, the fence, the swindler share one feeling: a detestation of the sex maniac whose offences can lead to a public outcry and tightening of police inquiries.

The underworld code of silence which prevents a detected criminal from betraying his associates does not extend to the sex offender. Even in prison he is regarded with contempt by the other convicts. And it is rare that a persistent sex offender ever engages regularly in any other form of crime. In the overall record, rape and robbery seldom mix.

It is usually the overwhelming vanity and egotism of the average sex criminal that helps the police to secure a conviction. Heath was one example. His bland seduction of one girl and his sadistic murder of another while actually "on the run" for the hacking-up of Marjorie Gardner, the Chelsea pub pick-up, was completely in keeping.

Also typical of a sex maniac's self-esteem is the fact that an astonishing proportion of them keep diaries containing detailed records of their offences.

Neville George Clevely Heath typified the average sex criminal's vanity and egotism. Even while he was on the run, he murdered one girl, seduced another

Times, dates, names and addresses—all the details which no other type of criminal would ever dream of committing to paper—have, in case after case, fallen intact into the hands of the police.

The law of this country today punishes sex offenders severely. Rape can bring life imprisonment. Yet, oddly enough, judges are not empowered to order corporal punishment of a sex criminal even though the circumstances of the case may have revealed callous, sadistic brutality. A man may be flogged if he has committed robbery with violence or lived on the immoral earnings of a woman. The rapist cannot be flogged even though his victim was a small girl of twelve.

Some judges have seemed to feel that this is an anomaly. Mr. Justice Croom Johnson has frequently protested. Sentencing a coloured man to three years' penal servitude for a sex attack on a girl of twelve, he said: "Once more I call public attention to the fact that under the existing law there is no power to administer personal chastisement in such a case. I have hesitated a long time before calling attention publicly to what is going on in this country.

"It is well that the people who are concerned in the direction of our law should know what is going on in some of our large cities. If some of them could see the calendar of sexual offences I have to try at these assizes it might induce some consideration for the unfortunate women and girls who are the victims of the lusts of people like you."

And in the main, the judges' attitude seems to be that the best deterrent is segregation from the rest of society for the longest possible period. When a sex criminal appealed against a sentence of fourteen years for offences against a girl of fifteen and a married woman, the Court of Criminal Appeal confirmed the sentence and made the point that this heavy term was intended not so much as punishment of the man but to protect women and children against him for as long as possible.

Cure—Not Merely Punishment

Is this the best way of curing a mental disease?—for it is clearly a matter of mental unbalance when an ordinary citizen is turned by lack of self-control into an anti-social criminal.

Over the years psychiatrists have protested that a long period of imprisonment is no way of straightening out the warped instincts of a rapist.

Of first importance to society, they argue, is the need to ensure that the sex criminal will not repeat his offence following release from prison. They believe that the repression which penal servitude engenders makes the sex criminal worse instead of better. Even the police officers who have the task of tracing and arresting sex criminals are almost openly cynical about the effect of a prison term. They have so often "booked in" a child-mauler or an *exposeur* a few weeks after his release for precisely the sort of offence which sent him into jail in the first place.

Reformers' alternative remedies range from psychological curative treatment to plain sterilization—a method which was mooted for sex offenders in Nazi Germany. In the United States, a judge, faced with a series of sex crimes which involved twenty men, gave them the choice of prison or submitting to compulsory medical treatment. They picked the latter—even though the treatment was drastic. When the judge was satisfied that they would commit no more sex crimes, he released them.

The Only Real Answers

Obviously, there must be a revision of our attitude to the punishment of the sex criminal himself. Punished he must be, but we should realize that most sex criminals are men who are mentally sick—and that a full diagnosis of that sickness should be as much a feature of the prisoner's trial as the parade of circumstantial evidence.

For the hopeless pervert, complete isolation from ordinary society may be the only solution, but a great deal more could be done for the border-line sex offender who, with guidance, might win his way back to normal manhood and citizenship.

We should get rid of the unthinking rule that a ten-year sojourn in a prison cell is the only way of reforming a sex maniac.

Meanwhile, what can we sensibly do to safeguard our women and children against the chances of being attacked?

Instruction, education and enlightenment are once again the only answers. Reviewing the evidence of known cases it is difficult to believe that many of the child victims of sex outlaws had ever been thoroughly warned by their parents of the dangers of talking with strange men, of accepting gifts or car rides, of accompanying a stranger anywhere. A vague warning against "strangers" is practically useless. The little girl should really be told in sufficient detail what may happen to her and what the consequences of the event may be. Unfortunately such a warning cuts right across the difficulties which many parents feel *vis-a-vis* their children's sex knowledge.

Many mothers whose shyness about the whole subject has kept them silent must have bitterly regretted the fact that they did not warn their children in simple, straightforward terms.

A final point. Nobody suggests women should cry "police" every time they see a strange man; but there is no doubt that sex murder figures, too, would fall if women reverted to stricter standards on the old question of chance acquaintances.

This Is What The Scientists Have Discovered About Lust Killers

PSYCHIATRISTS—the scientists of the mind—have done a great deal of investigation into sex crimes.

Their findings can be of help to society in deciding how to deal with this continuing problem.

Apart from an occasional offender, moved by alcohol or some unusual circumstance, the majority of sex criminals have twisted erotic drives, which demand abnormal gratifications. One American psychiatrist examined two hundred sex offenders. Only forty-five were entirely normal people. All the others showed more or less serious abnormalities, especially feeble-mindedness, chronic alcoholism or epilepsy.

It is sex crime involving murder which has been causing most public concern in postwar Britain and America. Murder in the course of a rape or other sexual attack may be apparently purposeless. In reality it is usually incited by strong unconscious motives. The offender kills because he is frustrated in his sexual, economic or social strivings.

A common motive pointed out by psychiatrists is jealousy. The psychological mechanism in such cases is that the murderer's self-esteem is injured. He believes both that he possesses his victim and that he has a right to possess her. By killing the victim he restores his self-esteem.

Strong mother attachment is also reckoned a cause for jealousy murder. A fifty-five years old, highly intellectual teacher, a man with a strong attachment for his mother, killed an eighteen-year-old girl and afterwards made an unsuccessful suicide attempt. "The motivating force," says a psychiatrist who studied the murderer, "was probably jealousy, which in itself caused him to believe that he possessed the girl. Coupled with this was an unconscious feeling that she should always belong to him, in the same way as his mother had always been attached to him. When the man discovered the girl had another lover, he feared losing her, which, in a psychological sense, meant losing his mother."

Another type referred to by psychiatrists is surrogate murder. The victim serves as a substitute. Cases have been known of girls being murdered because they resembled ones who had jilted the murderers. Some psychiatrists even say that certain apparently motiveless sex murders were due to a desire on the part of the killer to commit suicide. Instead of killing himself, he selects somebody whom he identifies with himself through intercourse; at the same time, by murdering her, he commits the psychic killing of himself. The Heath killings had affinities to such a type.

Lastly there is murder due to physical inferiority. Because his deformity makes successful sexual courtship difficult, the offender turns to force. And the reason he often goes to really horrible extremes is that he feels he will be traced by his physical deformity if he doesn't kill.

One important point is that an abnormal man is always known to be abnormal—even if only to his own mother. It would be interesting to estimate how many of the sex murders, rapes, exposures and mishandlings of little children which occurred in Britain last year could have been prevented by friends or relatives of the offenders who suspected an abnormality.

Much tragedy and suffering could be saved if only parents or relatives of suspected abnormal people saw that they had careful psychological examinations. Their family doctors would tell them how to get such examinations made.

CONRAD PHILLIPS

ATOM AT YOUR SERVICE!

by DENNIS BARDENS

How atomic energy may one day help to run home and factory is told in this final article in the series on Power—the Key to Recovery

THE PESSIMIST AND THE IDEALIST see in atomic energy two entirely different prospects. The first feels that man's inventive capacity has outrun his ethical development; he has released terrifying sources of energy before he can properly be entrusted with them. The idealist sounds a note of hope. In the energy of the atom man has, he says, the greatest instrument of potential human betterment ever to be discovered.

Two men look out through the same bars;
One sees mud, and one sees stars.

I see neither mud nor stars. Harnessing atomic energy to the service of man is less a matter of how to tap energy than how to avoid releasing too much at a time. We don't want one big bang, but a steady flow of energy which we can use to drive machinery and heat water. Can it be done?

The scientist's answer is the atomic pile, which aims at producing heat at usable temperature.

The report of the Scientific Advisory Committee of the T.U.C. states that the first experimental atomic power plant may be working in America within two years, and that within five years we should be in a position to design large-scale power stations and estimate the cost of atomic production.

In the same report, Professor P. M. S. Blackett says that by 1970 "it is quite possible that a large proportion of the power of this country will be obtained from atomic energy."

The T.U.C. Scientific Committee, pointing out that industrial development of atomic energy involves enormous capital outlay and immense diversion of engineering, heavy chemical and metallurgical resources and manpower, thinks that *"Britain, with her economic troubles, smaller resources and population, is at a disadvantage compared with the U.S. and U.S.S.R."*

Over a year ago Mr. Attlee announced that £30,000,000 was to be spent on the development of atomic energy in this country. No further announcement of financial expenditure has since been made.

We have, however, an atomic energy research station at Harwell, an establishment for producing pure uranium at Springfields, near Preston, a production headquarters at Risley, near Warrington, and a chain reacting pile at Sellafields, Cumberland.

Research Is Well Ahead

The Select Committee on Estimates, in its report published on August 6 of this year, says it is "much concerned at serious delays still occurring in the construction of the new atomic research station."

If we are behind with our experimental stations (as I personally think we are), we are well ahead with research. Most of our universities have departments of nuclear physics. Liverpool has possessed a cyclotron—a monster atom-splitting machine—since the beginning of the war. A synchrotron is being laid down at Birmingham. This is a Wellsian monster which, when completed, will provide energy equivalent to 1,000,000,000 volts.

Even in 1945, America had five uranium piles, each of whose output could be made to equal the electrical consumption of a city like Manchester. They are well ahead with a monster project at Oakridge, Tennessee, which should be producing atomic energy for industrial purposes within two years. Russia is secretive about her atomic projects—though naturally interested in other people's. Her scientists are building a huge project near the Black Sea port of Sukum. Besides this, an area east of the Urals has been curtained off for experiments. It is nearly 8,000 square miles in extent.

Canada is well ahead with atomic production and a recent statement that her £900,000 plant at Chalk River is producing "death dust" in greater quantity than any other country in the world simply means that the pile is extra large and is producing great quantities of radioactive by-products.

Argentina is spending £13,750,000 on atomic development. Australia has laboratories for nuclear research at Melbourne, and is mining uranium at Mount Painter. Sweden has contented herself with a new company, Atomic Energy, Ltd., with a capital of £250,000. Norway is spending £100,000 and Switzerland £50,000.

Assuming that all our resources in materials, brains and money were put into industrial exploitation of atomic energy, what benefits could it confer?

It Won't Be Cheaper

First of all, there would be huge central atomic power stations. Their power may be transferred in storage batteries—but the energy in the batteries would need to be used continuously. Although the energy which will drive the turbines will be produced differently, the process of distribution of electricity will remain the same. One need not, therefore, expect atomic energy to be cheaper. It would probably be more than twenty per cent dearer because of the enormous capital outlay. But it would eventually save coal and do much of the work that coal does at present. We used twenty-six million tons of coal to produce our electricity last year, yet eighteen tons of nuclear fuel could have done the job.

Atomic power could be put into use when and where it was most needed. It could bring industrial prosperity to distressed areas. It could irrigate the Sahara Desert.

The possibilities for that old friend, running hot water, are good. As much heat can be derived from a pound of uranium as can be obtained from 1,500 tons of coal, 250,000 gallons of fuel oil, or 40,000,000 cubic feet of gas.

There is sure to be an impressive speed-up of medical research. Radioactive substances emit rays which can be photographed through solids (e.g. the X-ray) but now *any* substance may be made radioactive. This means that we can make "tracers" of substances assimilated by the human body and know their behaviour. Doctors will be able to reach and cure certain internal tumours too malignant to be treated by ordinary X-ray.

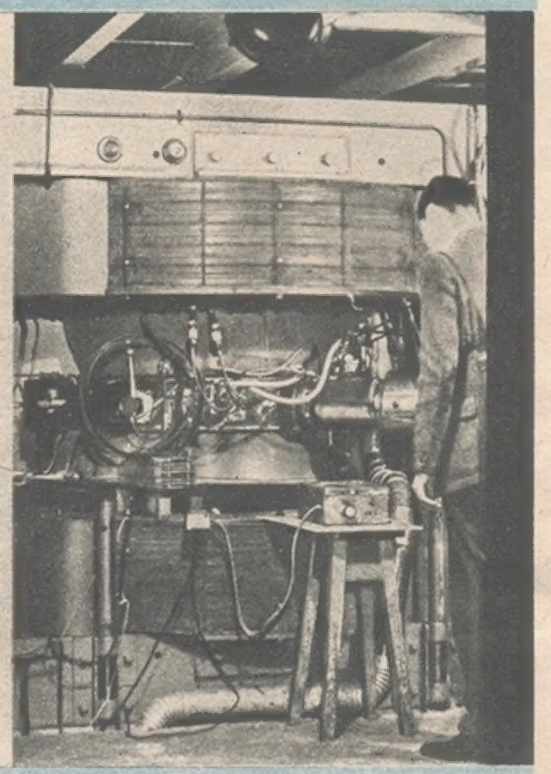
Atomic aeroplanes and atomic liners are almost inevitable. The actual consumption of nuclear fuel is negligible compared with other methods, a mere matter of pounds compared with tons.

Lastly—probably a laugh is legitimate here—comes the development of inter-planetary travel. We really may expect startling developments in our lifetime, because the greatest snag about the "space-ship"—the disproportionately heavy load of fuel—is overcome by atomic energy.

Here, then, is the sober assessment of the atom's possibilities, according to the men who deal in facts and not with fancies. Pandora's box of energy, which they are opening for us, can transform life as we know it—and for the better.

Meanwhile, atomic energy provides no quick answer to 1947's fuel problem. But it does hold out a distant hope to the ordinary man or woman who may have to face fuel cuts this winter.

FRANCE: In tunnelled Fort de Chatillon research men are "domesticating" the atom



BRITAIN: Synthetic uranium is processed at Cambridge. Atom may take over from coal

U.S.A.: Scientists check for radioactive contamination at the Oakridge "atom works"

OBSESSION

by C. GORDON GLOVER

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED SINDAL

Who is luckier—the man who loves his dream of a woman, or the man who marries her?

It was one of those moments. I glanced at Ginger, wondering what I would find in his face

WHEN I OPENED the door of "The Limes," where I live with my nice wife Millicent, I saw standing there a big man with red hair and blue eyes.

At the time, by the way, I wasn't thinking that my wife Millicent was particularly nice. I wasn't really thinking that she was particularly anything very much, and I was bored with the geraniums—edged, of course, with those beastly little blue and white plants—above which the man with the red hair was towering.

"Hallo, Cunningham," he said, "I don't suppose you remember me." He had a twangy kind of voice and wore a wide-brimmed hat. American? No. Canadian, South African, Australian? "I've been in Australia all these years," he said, "The name's Parsloe."

"No," I said, "I can't say that I remember you, Mr. Parsloe, but come in, won't you?"

The fellow then came in and began his melodramatic rambling.

"August, 1922," he twanged.

"Yes?" I said politely.

"Sandybank-on-Sea—you were there, weren't you?"

"Yes, I—I think I was there that year."

"At Mrs. Frampton's boarding-house, what's more. *Now* do you remember?"

"Well, it was a long time ago."

"There was a fellow staying at Mrs. Frampton's you called 'Ginger.' Well, I'm Ginger."

"Oh, yes," I said, not wild with enthusiasm. "How are you after all these years, Ginger? Yes—yes, I do remember now. Well, well!"

"I'm here," said the man I vaguely remembered as Ginger, "on rather a queer errand. The fact is, Cunningham, I want you to help me find someone—a girl."

"A girl?"

"Well, she was a girl. To me she still is one. The only girl."

This man Ginger Parsloe fixed me across my sitting-room with his nasty blue eyes, and it was clear that I was in for a tiresome time.

"You'd think to look at me," said Ginger Parsloe, "that I was just an ordinary man, wouldn't you? Well, I'm not. If I were, I wouldn't be here. No, Cunningham, I'm a queer fish. Now cast your mind back to Sandybank that summer."

I cast it back and up there jumped before it the esplanade, the pierrots, the smell of sand and wet bathing-suits in the hall of Mrs. Frampton's boarding-house. I cast the ear back as well to pick up the strains of nineteen-twenty-two-ish music all mixed up with a clatter of chat and chinaware in the Marine Ballroom at tea-dance time.

The eye of the mind beheld Auntie Miriam and Uncle Alfred and the job-lot of gawky youths and leggy sprites of girls who made up our party under their chaperonage. The eye of the mind also beheld the spotty, gangling Ginger Parsloe who had tacked himself on and who wasn't such a bad old stick.

"Well," I said. "Right. Well?"

"I'm a queer fish," said Ginger Parsloe, "but the fact is there was a girl—she was in your crowd—who's obsessed me all my life. No, no, I'm not mad. I've got to find her, that's all. You see, I've been in Australia these twenty-five years," he twanged, "and I haven't forgotten. I never will forget."

"What was she like?" I asked.

He told me what she was like, and I must say that Ginger Parsloe did himself proud in the telling. As a matter of fact, he told rather well, leaning forward with his arms on his knees and what I have to call a sob in his throat.

SOMETHING came out of the chap that one would never have suspected of being there. She was elfin, this girl, the colour of a nectarine, with eyes like the sea. Her pretty little nose was dusted—that was the word he used—with freckles and her chin had a dimple in the middle of it. That, of course, wasn't all. The character of the girl was the next thing he started on—that was, after he'd finished with her voice, which had been something like a 'cello.

"She had the loveliest, clearest, gentlest character," twanged Ginger Parsloe. "No, no, don't think I'm mad—I'm not. She was different, that's all. We used to sit on the groyne and she'd talk to me in the moonlight. I hadn't much to say for myself in those days, but that didn't mean that I hadn't got plenty to feel."

"Why didn't you do something about her at the time then?" I asked.

"I told you," he said, "I hadn't got much to say, but I knew—oh, I knew all right."

"What did you know?"

"I knew that one day she'd be mine," said Ginger Parsloe, in a phrase distinctly trite and melodramatic after

the stuff he'd been using. "Now, listen, Cunningham. . . ."

I listened. Ginger Parsloe, it appeared, had been shipped off to Australia that very autumn by his father whose brother had great opportunities for such as young Ginger Parsloe. It was sheep, of course, as usual. Before leaving, Ginger had gangled twice to the girl's home in London, stuttered a bit, and finally given the whole thing up. But Ginger had not forgotten. In Australia he began to grow into the rambling monster I now beheld—a man, all right, but a man with an obsession.

"There are girls in Australia," twanged Ginger Parsloe, "but what are girls? This one at Sandybank was not just a girl—she was a goddess. She was the only human being, Cunningham, I've ever cared two raps for—the *only* one."

"Oh, come," I said. "Come. By the way, what was the name of this girl—I mean, this goddess?"

"I was coming to that. That's why I've sought you out, Cunningham, because I know you used to be very friendly with her, and yours is the only name of the old bunch that I can remember—that, of course, and hers. . . ."

"Well, what was hers?"

"She was called Millicent Bradbury," said Ginger Parsloe.

I'd feared as much. The girl—the goddess—with the sea-coloured eyes and the clearest, gentlest character, was at that moment chivvying about a corned-beef hash in the kitchen not ten yards away.

"Have you any idea," he said, the blue eyes pegging away at me, "where she is?"

Now, of course, there were several possible answers to this question, such as: "Not the faintest," or, "I *did* hear she married a chap in Leeds," or even—safest of all—"I believe she went to Australia." For a second I turned over the notion of saying (and very effective it would have been): "Yes, she's in the kitchen," and then calling out: "Oh, Millicent, there's a chap here says he's in love with you—come through a minute, will you?"

What I actually said was: "Let me see, now—Millicent Bradbury—Millicent Bradbury—ye-es—hm—Millicent Bradbury. . . ."

CLEARLY, of course, one cannot go on indefinitely ringing the changes on this slender theme, so I stopped. And the moment I stopped Ginger Parsloe attacked again. "Ah, you remember her, then?" he cried. "Cunningham, you've got to take me seriously—this isn't an ordinary little romance, you know. This is—this is my *life*."

I said mildly: "Isn't it just possible that you've waited too long?"

"Too long?"

"Yes, twenty-five years is a good time, you know, Ginger, and, er, as you say, Millicent Bradbury was a very attractive girl."

"Bit sweet on her yourself, weren't you?" twanged Ginger Parsloe, and his voice was distinctly unpleasant.

"Oh, I suppose we flirted a bit," I hedged. "But, as I was saying. . . ."

"What were you saying?"

"I was just saying that twenty-five years is a very long time, and, well, she was attractive. . . ."

"Are you trying to hint that she might have married somebody else?" Ginger Parsloe had risen from his chair and looked very large and fanatical. "Because if so, you'd better not."

"Now look here," I said, "this is all very well, but chuck it." That "chuck it" took quite a lot of courage.

"Do you think she *has*?" he said.

"Well, it's a possibility, isn't it? I mean, girls do. And," I added, emboldened, "supposing you found that she had?"

Ginger Parsloe blew his nose, took a cigarette from his pocket and deliberately lit it. Then, through an ominous trickle of smoke: "If I found she had," he said, "I'd break every bone in the swine's body."

"But—but supposing she *was* married, and supposing I could help you find her, why should I introduce a wild beast like you into a happy home to pester it and do your best to break it up. . . ?"

"Ho! I'd break it up all right," twanged Ginger Parsloe.

"But supposing it wouldn't *be* broken up?"

"There've been widows before now, haven't there?" said Ginger Parsloe ominously. He paused: "Anyway, how do you know she's married?"

"I only said 'supposing.'"

He looked at me *most* unpleasantly. "I see *you're* married," he said searchingly.

"Yes," I said, "I'm married."

SHOCKING despair seemed to have beset the man. The blue eyes had gone misty and forlorn. I thought he was going to cry. He went to the window, and I saw that he'd clenched his fists. I also heard that he was muttering. Then he wheeled round, looking quite composed. "You know," he said, "I'm *not* mad, Cunningham—only determined with the kind of determination I reckon nobody'd understand but me. If you can't help me you can't. But I'm *going* to find Millicent Bradbury."

At that moment she bustled into the room. "I'm sorry, dear," she said, "I didn't know you had anybody with you."

You know, *this* was one of those moments. We stood, the three of us, quite still and silent. I glanced at Ginger Parsloe, wondering what I would find in his face, and found nothing. And I said just what I suppose anybody would have said. "Oh, this, dear, is Mr. Parsloe, an old friend of mine. We haven't seen each other for years."

"How do you do?" said Millicent.

"Pleased to meet you, ma'am," said Ginger Parsloe, and started reaching for his hat, as he added: "Well, Cunningham, I won't keep you any more. Sorry to have taken up your time. If you, er, hear any news I'll be staying at the 'Provencal'."

Millicent was staring at him. I waited for it, and out it came. "Parsloe," she said, "Parsloe, Parsloe. Funny, but the name's familiar and so is the face. Haven't we met before somewhere?"

Ginger Parsloe looked at her and slowly shook his head. "I reckon not, ma'am," he said (his thoughts, I could see, were over the hills and far away). "No, there's one thing about Ginger Parsloe—he never forgets a face. Well—I'll be running along."

And, by George, he ran along.

Clearly, of course, one couldn't tell Millicent that some other chap had remembered her as an elfin sprite with the clearest, gentlest character. But it had the odd effect of getting me into the same class of reminiscence, which was really rather a good thing after rather a lot of years of thinking dear Millicent nothing very much in particular. . . .

Continued from page 5

of your race, Palestine. How is it that so many Yiddish parasites, plus the scum of Europe which unfortunately Hitler was not spared to liquidate, prefer to steer clear of the Promised Land?

"Make the wealthy work or want" really applies to such notorious Jew-boys as [*Here the writer names three prominent men*], etc., *ad lib.*, and the Jewish black marketeers who fleece industry and the public. Jews should be treated as foreigners and deported.

No, Dan Cohensky, you and the other Yids have no place in the "England for the English" struggle which must surely come. One day Jewry will be struck down completely and Hitler's good work finished. OUT WITH THE YIDS.

R. W. Bennett.

Cohen, manager of a plywood factory, was a R.A.F. Pathfinder pilot during the war. During his electoral campaign, an anti-Semite organized local kids into gangs wearing Union Jacks in the form of paper hats and sent them round to Cohen's meetings to yell "Down with the Jews!"

The less conscious anti-Semite is the chap who tells you: "Of course, lots of my best friends are Jews, *but*. . . ." He talks carelessly, even humorously, of "Jew-boys." He is never bitter. He doesn't rave. He is, in fact, often just an ordinary decent, honest fellow, like you and me.

Although no one knows just how many of this quiescent type of anti-Semites there are in this country, it is certain that the number is formidable—the same, in fact, as the number of people who allow their emotions to run their brains.

Charges Against Jewry

Some indication of the way the Jewish Bogey bulks in men's minds was given by an investigation by the Gallup Poll which indicated that forty-two per cent of the people of Britain greatly over-estimate the size of our Jewish population. Twelve per cent of those questioned put it at three million. In fact the figure is around 380,000—234,000 in Greater London, 33,000 in Manchester, 25,000 in Leeds, 15,000 in Glasgow and 7,500 in Liverpool.

If, then, so many people can be even mildly anti-Jew, can there be so much smoke without at least some fire?

At one time or another in the lugubrious history of the Jews, they have been charged with practically every crime on the calendar. Present tastes incline to two main charges: (1) that in some sinister, backstairs fashion, the Jews run and exploit us—a gigantic Semitic conspiracy against the Gentile world; (2) that they are mainly responsible for the black market.

Point One: true, Jewish interests have a disproportionate share of the cheap furniture and tailoring businesses which they largely founded. There is Lyons. There is Marks and Spencers. There *was* the House of Rothschild. But this hardly adds up to a world conspiracy.

Point Two: Black market spivvery. The Jewish Trades Advisory Council has, for its own satisfaction, conducted an extensive investigation into prosecutions for black market offences. Mr. Strachey has supported its conclusion in the Commons: that the Jewish community is no more guilty in proportion to its numbers than any other.

Yet in a score of places where Britain's Jews live, the invitation to solve all our crisis difficulties with a pogrom is being vigorously hinted at.

Fortunately, this is a country in which anti-Semitism is looked upon as the indecent thing it is. Any man of repute who admitted to anti-Semitism in public would very rapidly cease to be a man of repute.

But lately there have been signs that the Jew-haters are beginning to peep out of their holes.

Anti-Semitism is hateful not only for itself alone. It is also extremely dangerous to the safety of the State. By its means scoundrels can generate mass emotion of enormous power to hoist themselves into control. "Anti-Semitism," Hitler told Rauschnigg, "is a useful revolutionary expedient. I have often made use of it."

Free Speech Problem

Today, thanks to Ben Hecht, thanks to the Palestine terrorists, thanks to years of Nazi propaganda, because of our own frustrations and shortages, the germs of this infection stand a better chance of getting a hold than ever before.

When, as long ago as January of last year, the Home Secretary undertook to give his "best attention" to this matter, he said he was anxious that nothing should be done "to convince people that this country had become either timorous or intolerant." Certainly this is no easy matter. Free speech is fundamental.

But at no time and place has free speech been absolute. Many things can be said at Hyde Park Corner. But if you stood up on a box and used obscene language you would quickly discover the limitations on your sacred right. If you stood up and invited the crowd to go and throw bricks at the nearest shop window, the police would not hesitate. These are infractions of fundamental decencies which all recognize.

It may be argued that to bring into action all the power and majesty of the law will merely give the ranters the publicity and cheap martyrdom they crave. There is a remedy for that. Parliament, when it legislates, must ensure that the martyrdom shall be a nice long stretch.

Nothing is easier than to foment race hatred, not by direct incitement, but by persistent, unceasing, yet elusive innuendo.

This is a matter in which every citizen must examine his own conscience. It is questionable which is most to be feared, the rabid or the quiescent anti-Semite. For without their less conscious sympathisers, the fanatics would be left to mouth their obscenities in secret.

There can, in fact, be no sitting on the fence. Either you are for anti-Semitism, or you are against it. If you are against race hatred, you will not allow the anti-Semites to do their work unchecked. You will always demand proof. You will set your face against the loud-mouthed jeers, the easy jokes, the cheap sneers, the slippery innuendoes.

As someone said once before: The Price of Liberty is Eternal Vigilance. A well-worn sentiment but a true one.

IN NEXT WEEK'S JOHN BULL

Will the Western Allies Quit Berlin?

First article of a series which reports on Four Power tension in this key city—as seen through German eyes

Fashion's Mysteries Explained

Full-colour feature on the longer skirt—and all that

ONCE THERE WAS A FOOTPATH HERE...

by JOHN MAY

The right of Britons to walk on the land of their birth is being menaced. But the law is on their side and they must use it

"Before us, the field of grain, with no sign of a path—except on the map"

THERE WAS A CERTAIN STILE, and a favourite wooden bridge over a sparkling brook. . . . We were to see it all again. For the first time since before the war, my wife and I were visiting some of our old rural haunts. Our plan was to keep to the footpaths.

We negotiated the stile tolerably well, in spite of the barbed wire. The plank bridge had gone, so we paddled. It was the wheat that stumped us. The footpath had run across a rolling meadow. It was still on the map. But in front of us now, instead of grass, was a field of golden grain, with no sign of any path.

Instead of a "sentimental journey," we had been treated to a most striking lesson. We found that the beauty of Britain is being buttoned up.

We were, in fact, right up against the question which confronted Lewis Silkin when, as Minister of Town and Country Planning, he received a deputation from the Ramblers' Association a couple of years ago. That question concerned the right of Britons to walk upon the land of their birth.

Silkin's reply was to set up the committee which has now reported its recommendations on "Footpaths and Access." And legislation is pretty necessary if three-quarters of our overcrowded population is to escape permanent imprisonment in the towns.

The problem has been boiling up for three hundred years and more. Once upon a time the cottager had a right to let his pigs, his geese, his pony and cow roam on the common. When landowners began enclosing this land—often just stealing the commoners' rights — tremendous fights resulted. The famous Battle of Berkhamsted started in February, 1866.

The agent of the nearby Ashridge estate erected iron fences five feet high, in two lines, across the centre of Berkhampsted Common. They enclosed 434 acres, and divided the rest into two detached portions. There were no openings.

A local man called Augustus Smith, backed by the Commons Preservation Society (formed only a few months before), decided to take direct action. He sent 120 navvies to Tring, in Hertfordshire.

After marching three miles in the moonlight, they deployed along the two miles of ironwork. With hammers, chisels and crowbars they woke the night with furious clanging and crashing. By 6 a.m. the fence was down.

They Returned to their Land

That morning, people came in carriages and on foot, in gigs and dog-carts. They wandered over the common, cutting bits of flowering gorse to prove that the land was their own again. Four years later the law finally confirmed the people's rights and vindicated Smith's action.

Today the struggle still goes on. One cannot altogether blame farmers (and agricultural committees) for ignoring right-of-way regulations in the wartime battle for bread. But the fact is that it is illegal to plough up a footpath, unless it can be established that by ancient custom there is a right to do so.

During the war, more than a thousand footpaths were ploughed up in Leicestershire. In fewer than a dozen cases was any notice taken of the official procedure for obtaining permission. This is not confined to one county. In our village local recently I met two ordnance surveyors who were checking the levels (height above the sea) of our Essex roads. They said that dozens of footpaths, all marked on their maps, just could not be found when they came to survey them.

A few farmers try to keep the public off by unscrupulous means. Usually they are men embittered by savage experience. The "hooligan few" make trouble for both farmers and public. They destroy crops, and make gaps in hedges so that valuable cattle stray on the road. They let their uncontrolled dogs worry—and often kill—sheep and lambs. They set light to hayricks and cornstacks.

Where there is common sense and common decency, there should be no footpath or access problem. But there is no excuse for the feudal attitude of the "Lords of the Waterworks" in certain districts.

In 1939, the British Waterworks Association opposed the Access to Mountains Bill because of "the tendency of such areas (mountains and moors) to become a resort for undesirable characters among whom immorality and licentiousness is rife." This was enough to make a mountain laugh.

Some waterworks claim that public access to gathering grounds for water would result in pollution. They nevertheless let their moors for grouse shooting. Presumably gamekeepers, beaters and shooters are not tainted like "common" mortals.

"Food" is the current excuse of the grouse shooters. In his book on *British Game*, Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald quoted a record bag for a season: 17,078 grouse off 17,000 acres. One bird (no bigger than a half-grown chicken) per acre of land seems to me a shamefully poor crop.

If sheep and not grouse occupied the moors entirely, there would be more mutton and less muttering.

Fortunately, a quarter-million regular *users* of footpaths are organized in the Ramblers, Youth Hostels and similar associations. Out-of-doors magazines and such bodies as the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society are public-spirited protectors of the paths.

These "Knights of the Green Trail" seek new routes as well as the preservation of existing paths and the opening up of "closed" countryside. They are campaigning particularly for long-distance and coastal footpaths.

There are many sections of beautiful coastline where you and I are not allowed to walk. What an adventure it would be to "outline" our island on foot. There should be a right of way right round Britain.

Trek Along the Pennines

In June, 1935, Tom Stephenson, now editor of *Out of Doors*, wrote an article in the *Daily Herald* suggesting a 250-mile trail from the Peak District along the Pennines and over the Cheviots to the Scottish Border. He was swamped with letters of support and formed a Pennine Way Association. Now at last he may get what he wants.

The "Footpaths and Access" report strongly backs the hikers' demands. But the best intentioned recommendations of committees are frail.

This is where *you* can help. Back up the walking organizations with moral support—and cash. Tell your M.P. Write to the Press. Read the fresh air magazines. But best of all, put your foot down—put it down regularly on the rightful footpaths of Britain.

If we persistently seek out and use our rights of way, they remain unalterably our right.

Legally, my wife and I had the right to walk slap across that field of wheat along the line of the old path. Of course, we had more respect for tomorrow's loaf than to think of doing such a thing.

If it comes to a choice between food and footpaths, I prefer to walk on a full stomach, but, in reality, the issue should not arise.

RANK'S WORLD

by GORDON CUMMINGS

Hollywood's headache over the new tax on film imports offers both a challenge and an opportunity to J. Arthur Rank, who controls the biggest movie line-up in the world through two tiny London companies

"J. ARTHUR RANK PRESENTS. . . ." "The Rank Organization. . . ." "J. Arthur Rank Organization, Ltd. . . ." Not so long ago, the Rank name was kept in the background. Now it is being thrust before the public. It appears everywhere. Britain, Hollywood, America, the Dominions, the world, the City of London, Wall Street are all Rank conscious.

This stamping of a personality on a large part of our film activities means that fifty-eight years old Joseph Arthur Rank is now the most powerful man in the world's film industry; and that he has started to consolidate the vast interests which, in little more than ten years of brilliant finance and hard work, he has gathered under his control.

But it does not mean that the job is completed; merely that a particular stage has been reached. New steps will be taken to enlarge even further the Rank film interests. In the process we will gain or save millions of useful dollars.

It is to safeguard and extend those dollars in the face of the new tax on foreign films that Rank has been travelling so much between Britain and America recently.

Where does the Rank Film World ("Empire" is too narrow a description) begin? Where does it end?

The beginning is tiny, ludicrously tiny. Two little private companies control this world with assets entered in published balance sheets at more than £50,000,000—and worth, at today's values, not less than £75,000,000.

One company, Manorfield Investments, has an issued capital of £4,500—until last April 11 it was only £100—held by J. Arthur Rank, his wife and nominees. The other, and the one which carries the name title—J. Arthur Rank Organization, Ltd.—was formed on March 28, 1946, and has an issued capital of two £1 shares.

These two midget companies, directly or through other private finance and holding companies, give Rank the first and last words in the affairs of the seventy-eight companies which today make up Rank's film domain, and the British "say" in another fourteen companies associated with it.

The March of the Combines

There is no end to this world. The Gaumont-British and the Odeon combines are the solid trunk; and it is always growing, spreading and sprouting new shoots in Britain, America and the sixty other countries in which it operates. There is no finality, nor hardly a pause in its march into new territory and its buying up or formation of new and needed interests.

We have heard the stock type of Big-Business-Movie-Tycoon stories about Rank, youngest of the three sons of "Old Joe" Rank, who built up the great flour milling combine which he gave to his family before dying in 1943 at the age of eighty-nine. The real story is of the way in which young Joseph Arthur used some of his share of the Rank flour millions to build up his film world.

Methodism, the religion in which he was brought up, started him in films. In 1933, with his father and others, he financed a few religious propaganda shorts. Shortly after, he backed a feature film, *Turn of the Tide*, which, although it won an award, was turned down by British exhibitors.

Rank lost money—nothing uncommon in those days, nor a black mark in City financial circles. Fabulous sums were then being squandered on innumerable British film projects, very few of which returned more than a fraction of their cost. In a few hectic years Lloyd's underwriters, bankers, City financiers, insurance companies — the almighty Prudential is rumoured to have put up £2,500,000 —lost untold millions.

But Rank's losses, though relatively small, were not something to write off and forget. He wanted to know why he had not got back his money—and a profit. He soon found out, as Hollywood had done many years before, that you can't get very far in film production without a say in the distribution and exhibiting sides.

He Looked to the Top

Rank looked round. In the eyes of those in Wardour Street who took any interest in him he seemed, perhaps, another wealthy sucker with money to burn. There were plenty of small circuits and second- and third-rate houses in the market, but Rank looked higher—to the top. Two giant circuits of first-run cinemas existed in Britain, the Gaumont-British and Associated British Pictures, with a third, the Odeon string, racing up to equality. Rank decided to buy control of all three —when he was ready to move.

First, and here his possibilities appeared for the first time, he went into partnership with one of the most astute men in the film world, C. M. Woolf, who knew all about the business and who had just set up his own concern, General Film Distributors, to fight American inroads into the British market.

In 1936 the crazy production boom was collapsing. It was just then that Rank formed his first big company, General Cinema Finance Corporation, with a capital of £1,225,000. On the advice of Woolf, one of the first deals of this company was the purchase of a quarter interest in the big Hollywood undertaking, Universal Pictures, which had been reorganized after going through bad times. That quarter share, which today is worth untold millions to the Rank World, cost 2,000,000 dollars—only £400,000 in those days.

Then followed the buying of control of the Odeon and Gaumont-British groups, the purchase of production units, the angling after the Associated British Picture circuit, the development of ancillary businesses, the cutting into overseas and American markets . . . all within a few years. Only Rank knows what it all cost, but, on information which has leaked out at various times, the total was probably not more than £2,000,000. Perhaps it was much less. Foresight and some luck got him what he wanted at rock-bottom prices.

Oscar Deutsch, the Midlands showman, built up his Odeon string of modern cinemas by borrowing every penny he could. As each cinema was built, he put first, second and third mortgages on it and used the money to move to another town to do the same again. In this way he built up his big chain and kept control through a very small personal investment. When, in 1937, Deutsch floated his group of cinemas it was on the same basis—the issued ordinary capital was only some £875,000 in 5s. shares, which, up to the time in 1939 when Rank bought in, never stood higher than 8s. 6d. on the Stock Exchange. On Deutsch's death in 1941 Rank got full control at a cost, so it is said, of not more than £500,000 in all. Since then Odeon 5s. shares have been as high as 53s.

During most of the inter-war years the Gaumont-British combine, which had been built up by the Ostrer Brothers—Isodore, the mystic, Mark and Maurice—and C. M. Woolf, had been a financial battleground of international interests. Ostrer finance had pyramided the structure to the point

J. Arthur Rank at his headquart
ten years of brilliant film financ

rs in Soho Square. Behind him:
e. Ahead . . . only Rank knows

where nominal control lay in five million 10s. ordinary shares, but the real control was in the hands of a small private company, Metropolis and Bradford Trust, which held 2,915,000 shares. In turn, 5,100 "A" shares of the Metropolis and Bradford ruled the roost.

Various film and financial interests tried to buy those vital 5,100 shares. Only the Ostrer Brothers profited from their attempts. John Maxwell, of the Associated British group, got a foot in Metropolis and Bradford, but not control.

Then came the second World War. Gaumont prospects didn't look too good; the ten-shilling shares slumped to 1s. 1d. In 1941 the Ostrers were ready to deal. Rank bought the vital Metropolis and Bradford shares for, it is reputed, £750,000, and passed them to General Cinema Finance. A further £450,000 is said to have bought the Maxwell interest in Metropolis and Bradford.

The signing of those deals made Rank the biggest man in the exhibiting side of the British movie industry and gave him valuable studio, radio manufacturing and other interests. He wanted to go further, of course—to buy from Mrs. Maxwell the millions of ordinary shares her husband had left her in Associated British Picture Corporation.

If the Government, through the Board of Trade, had not stepped in he would have got them.

Whitehall did not want a monopoly in the film world—control of A.B.P. would have given Rank most of the first-run cinemas. Half the Maxwell shares went instead to Hollywood, to Warner Brothers. Halted, but still with a large proportion of the first-run houses in his hands, Rank turned back to the production side. Gaumont-British brought him the Shepherd's Bush and Islington studios; he had, early in 1939, bought the bankrupt Amalgamated Studios at Elstree. Now he persuaded Korda and the Prudential Assurance Company to sell him up-to-date studios at Denham, and film and print laboratories.

British and Dominions Film Corporation, which had been struggling to keep going for some years, and the shares of which dropped to one penny during the early war years, was the next to fall into the production net. Nothing more of major importance happened until the end of the war.

Next America, then the Empire

Then the overseas expansion began. Odeon already had a circuit of cinemas in Canada. There was the twenty-five per cent Universal-International interest in America. Other exhibiting connections were needed. In 1946 the Rank Organization became a partner in 110 cinemas in Australia.

An interest was obtained in 143 cinemas in New Zealand by buying a half interest in the big Robert Kerridge circuit. A different form of partnership was made in the Union of South Africa. There the Schlesinger combine, African Consolidated Theatres, is the major factor in the production and exhibiting sides. The Rank purchase of a twenty-five per cent interest in African Consolidated Theatres gave distribution facilities to 400 cinemas and a share in a studio now being built near Johannesburg.

The formation, also in 1946, of a new subsidiary was the initial step in furthering the Canadian activities. It took over the 105 British Odeons of the group and launched a plan to build sixty-four of the most modern cinemas in the world; the fifteen new Odeons already under construction will cost 6,000,000 dollars.

Two Odeon companies were formed a few months ago to develop the Rank organization in Egypt. The first cinema, the luxurious Fouad First Palace, will be opened shortly.

And, finally, earlier this year, an interest was bought in Ceylon Theatres, to give Rank a share in fifty-three cinemas in Ceylon. In Europe, a deal has been completed to buy a one-third share in the leading Dutch combine which controls theatres in Amsterdam, Rotterdam and The Hague.

The Treasury Says "No"

Rumour has given the Rank organization gigantic additions to its American interests. The truth is that, apart from making reciprocal distribution arrangements with Hollywood, little can be done in America. The British Treasury will not give the dollars for large-scale investments. Whatever he would like, J. Arthur Rank does not directly own any American cinemas.

Through his astutely made prewar investment in Universal-International, he has access to the Universal organization, which is busily adding fifty new cinemas to its exhibiting interests. He has, however, recently leased the Winter Garden Theatre in New York as a thousand-dollars-a-day show window for his British films. And he has joined up with an American rail magnate, Robert Young, in a new distributing arrangement for Eagle-Lion sponsored films. This may be a good thing for our own films.

He has also arranged smaller reciprocal and joint production propositions with certain Hollywood corporations. The battle to put British films over in a big way in America, after going well in our favour, has recently taken an acute new turn following our tax on foreign films. While showing time in American cinemas for our films may not be increased, or may even be reduced for a time, there is no doubt that Rank will find ways to recover any lost ground. From scorn, Hollywood has turned to wholesome respect for Rank.

And, back in Britain, his organization has made distributing arrangements with several independent producers, notably Michael Balcon's Ealing Studios.

Distribution is now being funnelled through two main distributing groups—General Film Distributors in Britain, Canada and U.S.A. (in conjunction with Universal-International) and Eagle-Lion elsewhere in the world.

Too Big to List

So much for the detail. What does it all add up to? Not even J. Arthur Rank and his closest associates could give a full, up-to-the-minute inventory of the physical properties of his world. But here are the main items:

About sixty per cent of the British film industry, including two distributing agencies; 600 cinemas in Britain and partnership, ownership or distribution in 800 more in the Dominions; sixteen production units; two of Britain's five newsreels; "show windows" and distributing arrangements in most countries of the world; nineteen British production stages with a floor area of 223,735 square feet; projection and cinema equipment manufacturing plant; television development laboratories; radio manufacturing factories; and some of the best brains in the film industry.

Rank, who still describes himself as a "flour miller," is a director of some seventy companies in his world. But only he knows his exact interests in each, and what his venture into films is worth. One thing we do know, and that is that the biggest of them have multiplied many times in value since he "bought in."

Odeon Theatres 5s. ordinary are worth five times their prewar value and Gaumont-British four times, while British and Dominions Film are twice what they were in 1943. We also know that some very interesting and influential people are associated with him in the biggest of the private Rank companies, General Cinema Finance Corporation.

Names in the Organization

In the list of forty-one shareholders appear such names as Baron Dulverton of the Imperial Tobacco combine, Lieut.-Colonel J. J. Astor, Lord Ennisdale, Sir Donald Horsfall (the great Tory woollen manufacturer), Viscount Monck (the paper maker who is interested in the National Association of Boys' Clubs), Macmillan & Co. (the big publishers), the fabulously wealthy Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company of the Joels, and Virol, Ltd.

Where will the Rank World spread? The Government has limited its British exhibiting side, but there are no limits—yet—to production and overseas expansion. The nearest rival is Associated British Pictures, with its 450 cinemas and production interests.

Is it good that more than half the nation's film industry should be concentrated in the hands of one man?

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. So far the Rank influence has been successful in every way. British producers are being encouraged and financed. The British cinemagoing public is getting good British pictures. The industry is being soundly financed and profits are soaring.

It would, however, be a great gesture to the public who are supporting Rank-sponsored films and to the investors who are putting up most of the money to be told concisely just how much of his own money Rank has put into his Film World and just what shares it has given him.

THE IMPORTANCE OF FALLING

CECILIA COLLEDGE reckons that during her training she fell down on the ice at least 10,000 times. Some time after the ten thousandth—at the age of sixteen—she became a world champion skater, and today she can attract a crowd most film stars would envy—and a salary of £300 a week.

Tom Arnold's *Ice Revue*, after running for a year at the Stoll Theatre, London, is shortly going on tour. On a small stage tank Cecilia has performed every night, to Mendelssohn's music, a series of such intricate figures that a reasonable doubt is whether she is made of ordinary flesh and blood.

In her dressing-room afterwards she is revealed as a very unassuming and human girl of twenty-six. Still dressed in her spangled ballet costume she sits polishing her skates and drinking the cups of tea that her mother hands out, with slices of swiss roll.

Mrs. Colledge has been the driving force behind her daughter. Before Cecilia was born she had determined the child would become a champion of some kind. One day, seven-year-old Cecilia went to watch Sonja Henie, and said: "*I* want to do that, mummy!" Eighteen months later Cecilia started real training.

A championship skater has to be able to perform fifty-two set figures. These are usually gone through in complete silence while the judges award points for style, pace and skill in execution. Some of the figures must be performed six times running on fresh ice; the six series of lines cut by the skates on the ice have to be exactly on top of each other, and the figures themselves geometrically accurate.

Cecilia had to give up many of the pleasures a schoolgirl enjoys to fit in the hours of practice on the ice; on waking each morning she began with specially designed exercises, only ate things which were good for her, and always went to bed early.

It took her several months to master one figure, the "Double Salchow"; it involves two turns in the air without touching the ice.

When, after Sonja Henie had retired from the amateur field, Cecilia won the world championship, she and her mother gained their ambition, but she still had a dangerous rival in Megan Taylor, of Manchester. Cecilia and Megan each had her own group of ardent supporters who raised their rivalry to a pitch it would never have reached if they had been left to themselves. Results were often booed, and the two graceful young girls flying over the ice became a subject for violent argument.

In 1938 at Stockholm Cecilia lost the world championship to Megan by one-tenth of a point. There was much talk about her being a bad loser; when she returned home she received poison pen letters and anonymous telephone calls. The conflict even reached the correspondence columns of *The Times* and for months the two girls never spoke to each other, though they made it up later.

During the war Cecilia drove all kinds of vehicles for the M.T.C., and in the meantime finished the job of growing up. She became a tall and sinewy young woman with wavy blonde hair, a pretty if not beautiful face, and extraordinarily strong ankles. She was freer to enjoy herself and, instead of a succession of early nights, she could be seen in such night clubs as Ciro's and the Four Hundred.

Cecilia won the British Amateur Championship for the sixth time in 1946. There had often been talk of her going on the films and of giving lessons; when Tom Arnold offered her the lead in his *Ice Revue*, she turned professional.

In London she lives with her parents at the top of a tall, narrow house in Upper Wimpole Street; several doctors share the rest of the house with her father, who is an ear, nose and throat surgeon. Other members of the family are three cats, Cokey, Babe and Windy.

She has her own private sitting-room. Here she can entertain her friends, but few are very close ones. So far she doesn't seem to have thought much about marriage; with a grin she declares there is no one in the running. She dresses neatly, has an almost pathological loathing for stockings, doesn't smoke and only drinks when she has to.

One luxury has been a Fiat saloon car. She enjoys tennis or a swim in the river, but normally at weekends she devotes as much time as possible to resting and doing all the little jobs she has put off during the week.

During the past year she has spent regular mornings dancing with members of the Sadler's Wells company at a school run by a Russian dancing teacher. She finds this gives her ideas for her solo exhibitions on the ice, all of which she devises herself.

She hopes that one day it will be recognized as a new art form by a public which still prefers acrobatics to serious skating and is not easy to satisfy. It is a tough task.

J. R. ST. JOHN

HUMAN MACHINE

When Silence Is Golden

THE only sure foundation of wisdom is experience. None of us can possibly see too much, do too much, or rub shoulders with too many people.

If you doubt this, look around and consider the people you know. You will find that the most tolerant people are always those of wide culture and experience. Intolerant people are those whose little, narrow minds are shut against new ideas and experiences.

When he was an old man, Faraday, the scientist said, in a letter to a friend:

"When I was younger I often misrepresented the intentions of people. As a general rule, it was better to be a little dull of apprehension where phrases seemed to imply pique, and quick in perception when they seemed to imply kindly feeling. Truth never fails ultimately to appear: and parties, if wrong, are sooner convinced when replied to forebearingly than when overwhelmed."

I think it is a universal experience among all who are honest enough to stand self-criticism, that we have all had occasion to regret having spoken, but rarely to regret having held our tongues! If we can't say something better than silence—better be silent.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Talking Points About INSURANCE

WHEN A LOT OF PEOPLE fear the same risk, but know that only a few of them will suffer from it at any one time, it is a good idea to form a fund to help the unlucky ones. That is insurance. Companies don't insure us, we insure each other. Companies administer the fund and charge for their services.

★ ★ ★

In 1845 Liverpool suffered disastrous dock fires. The Royal Insurance Company, founded in that year by the merchants, now heads a group of thirty-nine firms which collect £35,000,000 each year in premiums and have already paid out claims worth £550,000,000.

★ ★ ★

Sir John Hawkyns of Armada fame had seamen's wages raised to ten shillings a month and made them contribute sixpence a month to the "Chatham Chest," an iron-bound strong box with five keys. Any sailor injured was taken to the nearest publican, who looked after him for six shillings a week. The chest paid out £10,000 in 1654; later it became part of Greenwich Hospital.

★ ★ ★

Companies insuring against bomb risks did a roaring trade during the war. About 100,000 Londoners insured their lives at a thousand to one. In fact, one in 250 was injured, and one in 2,800 killed. Policies now exclude death or injury from atom bombs.

★ ★ ★

Actuaries are skilled mathematicians who predict life risks. They found that additional civilian deaths during the war were more than balanced by improved health, which meant longer average life.

★ ★ ★

Marine insurance is complicated by the fact that a single cargo has often a thousand or more separate owners. Calculation of reimbursement is done by "average adjusters"—highly trusted men, often with a father-to-son tradition. So high is their repute that litigation is rare.

★ ★ ★

Last August 25,000 people in the British Isles insured against infantile paralysis — thirty shillings for one year, maximum cover £1,000. Ten pounds a week for one hundred weeks is now being paid to sufferers.

★ ★ ★

Lloyd's, dealing only through brokers, specialize in unusual risks. Recently a letter, written on pink perfumed paper, was received from a San Francisco cabaret star who wished to insure her bust—photographs enclosed.

★ ★ ★

Property owners insured against "squatters"—£75 covered £5,000 damage for three months. When the war was nearly over, firms with big war stocks insured against it. A French store issued a money-back guarantee with every party frock sold in the first fortnight of July if it rained on the July 14 festival—twenty-five per cent for rain in the morning, fifty per cent if it rained in the afternoon.

★ ★ ★

Biggest life insurance ever was for Walter Chrysler, U.S. car manufacturer, who in 1933 was covered for £2,400,000.

★ ★ ★

Assets of United Kingdom insurance companies exceed £265,000,000: £99,000,000 policies, £166,000,000 other risks—seventy per cent of the latter business from abroad. Our insurance market brings us about £20,000,000 a year profit in foreign currencies.

FREE SPEECH

On Creators of Life—

ISN'T IT TIME that the people who use "drone" as an opprobrious epithet for anybody less obviously employed than themselves did a bit of nature study?

The drone is the male bee. Far from being useless, the hive would never exist without him. The queen produces a large number of drones with the object of securing for herself a veritable superman of a mate.

When she goes on her nuptial flight into the sky, all the drones streak after her. Only one, the strongest and swiftest, ever reaches her. After the brief creative act, on which the whole future of the hive depends, the drone falls dead to the earth, his inside torn out.

The rest of the drones who haven't made the grade are then banished or stung to death if they refuse to go.

The point is this. The supreme creative act of the hive springs from the drone and not the slave-like worker.

If we care anything for literature, art, science and the fruits of the creative spirit, we should resist passionately the slave-state mentality that dubs as useless any citizen who is not a routine worker.

Remember—the drone is not banished until he has tried *and failed* to make the grade.—DONALD GILCHRIST, 26 Beechcroft Road, Oxford.

—And the Friend of Man

Suggested by a reader: the study of bees. It is as unfair to call all unproductive workers drones as it is to call drones non-productive

A carthorse fell lame—so the Ministry of Food stopped its rations, a reader complains. Am I supposed to garage it like a tractor? he asks

Rations for One for Two

MY BIG CARTHORSE, which I use for urban carting, is allowed a very meagre ration. I had him lame and off work for six weeks. I borrowed a horse that I had to keep along with my lame horse on one ration.

I was told, after many applications for more food, that a horse not in work was not entitled to his ration.

Do these educated civil servants think a horse can be garaged like a broken-down tractor?

I am a lover of horses of all breeds, but it is not right that the many thousands of hunters, hacks and children's ponies I have seen at gymkhanas and shows (and the many hundreds that do not compete at these events) should get good rations which keep them in fine fettle when hard-working horses scarcely get enough to enable them to do the work required of them.—C. KING, 56 Primrose Terrace, Mill Hill, Blackburn.

Cruelty in the Procession

HOW MANY PEOPLE who will line up on November 5 to cheer the Lord Mayor's Show know that the heavily ornamented four-ton coach has no brakes, and that the horses which pull it have also to carry a harness of 117 lb. for each horse?

Because of this, it is becoming more and more difficult to find horses strong enough to stand up to the strain.

Would it not be more progressive as well as more humane to use a motor car?—SIDNEY H. WILSON, 35 East Catherine Street, Seaside, Llanelly, South Wales.

Loves a Fraulein But—

I AM VERY MUCH IN LOVE with a German fraulein, and we have been engaged for almost twelve months now.

After one has filled in the different forms and gone to great trouble to obtain certificates from civilian police and other people, six months must elapse before permission to marry a German girl is granted.

We had sent in all our forms and certificates and had waited four months towards the six when my unit was posted back to the United Kingdom. I have now been told that all the trouble we have gone to is of little avail as I must begin the wearisome form-filling routine all over again from this country. The Security Police in Germany still have certificates belonging to my fiancée and we can do nothing more until she regains them.

Can anybody tell me why we must go to all this trouble to marry when a German prisoner of war can marry an English girl after they have known each other only a few weeks?—J. E. PLANT, 111 Thorne Road, Willenhall, Staffs.

V.D. Class—First-hand

NOT A WEEK PASSES without the public's attention being drawn to the rising venereal disease statistics.

In 1942 in Asmara, Eritrea, I attended a lecture for n.c.o.s held in a brothel in the native quarter. The lecturer was an Army medical officer, and he demonstrated with actual native girl prostitutes and Sudanese soldiers under treatment for V.D.

It was a revolting but effective way of bringing home to us the perils of loose living. Far more effective than posters.—D. T. STONE (ex-R.A.F.), 26 Woodland Avenue, Woodland Way, Kingswood, Bristol.

Music is Art, They Say

WHEN BRITISH orchestral players give up doing crosswords and reading during rehearsals, the Musicians' Union will have a right to expect engagements abroad.

At present the lack of interest, unreliability and inartistic attitude of mind in this country prevent our ever hoping to compete with such organizations as the Vienna State Orchestra.

As a member of a large London choir, I have time and time again sat on the platform during morning rehearsal—the only one the Musicians' Union allows for any concert, however difficult, without extra pay—and have watched players dragging books and cigarettes from beneath their chairs every time they have a few bars' rest.

We all know music is an honest livilihood. But some of these dreadful foreigners have the idea that music is an art, worthy of hard work and self-sacrifice.—"MUSICIAN." (Name and address enclosed.)

P.O. Personal Touch

MANY PEOPLE seem to have an extremely poor opinion of the G.P.O. and civil servants in general. In defence of the Post Office at which I work, I would like to describe a recent incident.

Someone sent a telegram addressed merely: "Miss ——, The Seat Outside the G.P.O., Skegness, Three O'Clock."

At exactly three o'clock our overseer, who is a busy man at any time of day, left his work and went to the seat mentioned, contacted Miss —— and the telegram was duly delivered.

If this isn't service, what is?—MISS M. L., Lincs. (Name and address enclosed.)

The Delightful Forties

WHEN I WAS YOUNG and newly wed I imagined that to be forty-five years old and to have been married twenty years or more would be awful.

Well, now I am forty-five and I find life more interesting than ever. I can now dress for comfort instead of fashion. I can "spread" and look quite motherly. Young people come and tell me their troubles and I can now ask the window-cleaner, baker, or anyone else indoors for a cup of tea on a cold day—and nobody can make a scandal of it.

At my age one chats naturally and easily with chance acquaintances of either sex and I find that the young men in the shops take quite a lot of trouble to please me, always giving me a pleasant smile, even if they do call me "ma."

I don't mind a bit growing older still if age is so pleasant. Besides, there is still romance, for one loves better after twenty years than twenty months of marriage.—MRS. S., London, W.4. (Name and address enclosed.)

Mythical Promised Land?

REGRETFULLY I READ OF disillusioned emigrants returning to this country from South Africa.

Too many people imagine that they have only to reach South Africa and all their troubles will be over. The truth is that South Africa is still struggling to find homes and jobs for its own ex-Servicemen.

Would-be emigrants would be well advised to think twice before attempting to find a mythical promised land.—J. SHERIDAN, 8 The Mall, Montrose, Angus, Scotland.

JOHN BULL QUIZ

WORDS

(1) What prefixes are needed to change these words into their opposites: adroit, magnetize, probable? (2) What are pram and cab short for? (3) A knock on the "funny-bone" doesn't make you laugh; why is it so called? (4) The *Decameron* is a book of stories told on a certain number of days, and the *Heptateuch* is the first few books of the Old Testament—how many days, how many books? (5) Words are the wise man's counters and the fool's . . . what?

LOVE

(1) What is the origin of "love" as a term in tennis? (2) Was Casanova a real character? (3) Who was goddess of love? (4) "Love-lies-bleeding" and "love-in-a-mist" have two things in common. What are they? (5) What is the origin of the expression "to wear one's heart on one's sleeve"?

GOLD

(1) Why is the Gold Coast so called? (2) What is the Gold Standard? (3) Upon whom does Gold Stick in Waiting wait? (4) Which king almost starved to death because his food turned to gold before it reached his mouth? (5) Spanish explorers searched in vain for a mythical country in which gold abounded—what was its name?

MYSTERY WRITERS

(1) Which writer of detective stories wrote *The Man Born to be King*, radio play about the life of Christ? (2) Why did Conan Doyle kill Sherlock Holmes in one of his books, and what happened then? (3) Which creator of a famous Catholic priest-detective was himself converted to Roman Catholicism? (4) Agatha Christie has introduced her other main interest and occupation into her detective stories—what is it? (5) Dashiell Hammett, creator of *The Thin Man*, is an ex-Pinkertonian—what is this?

REFERENCE BOOKS

(1) In what way does the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* belie its name? (2) What sort of reference book did Doctor Johnson compile? (3) What is the difference between a gazetteer, a concordance, and a glossary? (4) What happens to many entries in *Who's Who* when their subjects die? (5) In which one book could you find out the salary of the Prime Minister, the population of Africa, and the world high-jump record?

(*Answers on page 18*)

P.S. page

John Bull's articles and features draw a big mail from readers—agreeing, differing, giving a fresh slant. Hence Postscript Page

WHITE COLLAR v OVERALLS

What's happening down Acacia Avenue? A struggle to keep up white-collar appearances on low pay was Harry Hopkins's answer to that question in his recent "John Bull" article. But if clerks are the new depressed class, artisans, judging from readers' letters, don't by any means consider themselves the new rich.

AS A CLERK I CAN ENDORSE all Harry Hopkins says. The main reason for the predicament in which clerks as a class find themselves today is the snobbishness of the past which prevented white-collar workers from organizing into strong trade unions.

Hopkins did not mention the poor old local government clerk, the man responsible for running local affairs.

The JOHN BULL article quotes the case of a security clerk at a bank who draws £490 a year—only. I am sure most municipal officials would be well content if they saw any prospect of drawing such a sum.—A. E. TURNER, 104 Braunstone Close, Braunstone, Leicester.

Fiver-a-Week Clerk...

BELOW I GIVE THE TYPICAL weekly budget of a grade two clerk on a county agricultural committee.

Family of four; weekly income £5 7s.: weekly expenditure £5 1s. 11d., as under:

Rent £1, rates 9s., gas 3s., coal and electric light 5s. 6d., clothes 4s., husband's dinners and teas 6s. 10d., groceries £1, vegetables 6s., meat 4s. 6d., fish 2s., bread 3s. 6d., milk 6s. 5d., union subscription 10d., soap and cleaning powders 2s. 6d., newspapers 1s., insurance 2s. 10d., miscellaneous needs 2s. 10d.

This leaves 5s. 1d. for pocket money, doctor's bills, fruit, household replacements and linen, amusements and holidays.—R. W. MASCALL, Stondon Massey, Brentwood, Essex.

...Fiver-a-Week Turner

HARRY HOPKINS WRITES illogically. I have worked in a Sheffield steelworks for thirty years. Highest wage ever received: £8 a week (nights and overtime during the war).

At present, as a skilled turner (I could ruin a hundred pounds' worth of material through one mistake), I get £5 3s. Next week I have to leave at 6 a.m. to clock in by 7 a.m.

As for going to work in our own cars—believe me, it is the white collar worker who predominates in that direction.

Twelve years ago I was unemployed, as my class of tradesmen were "ten a penny." Today we are paid far less than our value. Does Hopkins think I would be fool enough to let my boy follow in my footsteps, or, what is more important, does he think my boy would *want* to follow in my footsteps? — ENGINEER, Sheffield, 6. (Name and address enclosed.)

...and the Electrician

I MUST COMMENT on one phrase in Harry Hopkins's article, "The average wage for men in industry, including unskilled men, now stands at £6 0s. 9d."

My weekly wage as a journeyman electrician is £5 17s. 6d., the union rate for this district. Out of this wage I must provide for the upkeep of my tools—which cost between £15 and £20—and procure technical literature and periodicals which keep me in touch with developments in the electrical industry. Then, of course, there are union subscriptions.

I do not pretend to be a one-man brains' trust, but my trade *does* demand both mental and manual skill, and years of study and training are required before an electrician can obtain his union "Blue Ticket," his passport to full journeyman status. "Now who is worse off—the "white collar" or the "blue overalls and pliers"?—D. A. LOWRY, 148 Cambridge Road, Smethwick, Staffs.

Don't Moan, Join a Union

EVERY CLERK should follow the example of the industrial worker and band together with fellow clerks in his appropriate trade union. That's what we did in our firm, negotiating an agreement with the company that has not only brought us better conditions, but a better understanding with the management.

Clerks should stop moaning and look facts in the face. If you are able to enter the better-paid industrial field, do so. If, on the other hand, you remain a clerk—and it's a specialized job—see to it that your rewards are adequate. — F. E. PHILLIPS, 65 Newquay Road, London, S.E.6.

Payment for Responsibility

THE JOHN BULL ARTICLE asks: "Is there any reason why a man should be paid more just because he wears a white collar?" Definitely yes.

The manual worker does not bear the responsibility of the man who deals with money; does not have to endure the ordeal of the bank clerk compelled to work overtime poring over books that refuse to balance.—MISS L., Liverpool, 21. (Name and address enclosed.)

WHY CHILDREN ARE RUDE ● *WE'RE NOT SO BAD AT SPORT*

ONE NEED NOT BE A school attendance officer (JOHN BULL, September 20) to be aware of the shockingly bad manners of children between the ages of four and fifteen. This is all due to a lack of control and good manners in the home.

If a child is brought up to respect the views of other people and to be kind to old and weak people, then good manners will come as natural to him as sleeping and eating.

Many parents just won't bother about their children. They give them what they want when they are young just to keep them quiet. They allow them to occupy seats in buses when old people are standing. Then when the child develops into a selfish, unmannered little prig they pretend to be mystified.—MRS. J. BULLOCK, 8 Shirburn Avenue, Mansfield, Notts.

Decadence? Doesn't Seem So

I DO NOT AGREE with everything Paul Irwin says about the present condition of British sport (JOHN BULL, September 27). I think he is being too pessimistic.

The cricket season just ended has been one of the most successful for the past fifty years. All the counties reported larger attendances at their matches than for many years past; the "Middlesex twins," Compton and Edrich, have broken several records; and our Test victories against South Africa are, one hopes, a forecast of things to come against Australia.

As for the present football season, there are certainly no signs of decadence. England has already beaten Portugal and Belgium and there are great crowds and much enthusiasm at all the League games.

No, I do not think we have any cause for bleating.—A. B. HILL, 58 Sutherland Avenue, Leeds, 8.

★ *All correspondence intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid for every letter or extract used. Full name and address of the sender must be given (preferably, though not necessarily, for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THEY ARE accustomed along the King's Road, Chelsea, to artists with sketchbooks, and one of the best known is this week's cover artist, 51-year old A. R. Thomson, the deaf Royal Academician. He is a fine high-speed caricaturist, works by direct inspiration, and brings out his sketchbook whenever a scene catches his eye. So it was that, as he left his bank one day, he saw in a nearby office the boy, the girl, the open window. He made his sketch, hurried to the Chelsea Arts Club, and there finished "Diversion" for JOHN BULL. Thomson was educated at the Royal Margate School for the Deaf. He expresses himself volubly in mute conversation on writing-blocks, which he uses up in record time.

with my feet up

Non-workers Unite!

THE HALL was crowded at the meeting held to discuss the proposed Spivs and Drones Union, incorporating the Eels and Butterflies Protection Association.

High-class car racket men rubbed shoulder-pads with coupon salesmen. Barrow boys were trying to sell rotten fruit to anyone who might want it for throwing purposes.

The chairman managed to get some sort of order and began to speak.

"Gentlemen (if you will forgive the insult)," he began. "With the increase in austerity and further shortages, it is clear that our usefulness to the community will increase. It has been felt for some time that we must organize ourselves unless we are to be ruthlessly exploited by the public.

"Do not think I am being funny, gentlemen (pardon me), when I say that there is one thing at least that we can learn from the workers. That thing is—we need a union.

"At present we are harried by the courts and reviled by the Press. Cartoonists make fun of us and the public looks down on us. Maybe the time will come when only strike action can secure our rights.

"I have received a number of suggestions concerning ways in which the union can be useful to members. There must, for instance, be a catering branch of the union. Don't forget that the Government fixes maximum prices for many foodstuffs. Your union would fix *minimum* prices.

"One of the union's first tasks would be the formation of an Unemployment Bureau in order to rescue any member who fell on evil days and found himself conscripted to work in a factory or pit. Such a Bureau would guarantee to supply members faced with the dire prospect of employment with a long list of non-existent jobs.

"It has also been suggested that the union should start a comprehensive system of insurance. Members unfortunately sometimes find themselves forced to take holidays of six months, a year, or more, with consequent loss of earnings. An insurance scheme would look after their children, their womenfolk (up to, say, three) and set them on their feet when they came out—I mean, came back."

The meeting went on for several hours but finally broke up in disorder. Amid cries of "What? That fiddler?" and "'Ooo? 'im with the sticky fingers?" it was decided to leave permanently in abeyance the election of a union treasurer.

by Ian Fox

JOHN BULL October 18 1947

CASE FOR THE DEFENCE

by JANET FARWELL

In Miss Brown's mind it was an old man's life against a child's future happiness

IT WAS THE IVY that killed him. It must have been. How could it be me, when I've always been good? I was a prefect at school: "high sense of responsibility" the headmistress put in the report.

And when I left my first post to join up, Mrs. Turner gave me a lovely testimonial. "Genuinely devoted to children," she wrote, "kind and patient always." Besides, it's on my Army discharge paper—"Character exemplary."

So how could the evil come out of me?

It came out of the ivy.

The ivy grew all round the house, right up to the roof, covering every brick; choking the house. Choking it. And in the ivy all kinds of evil bred. It always does, you know. Mosquitoes and flies, and big spiders, and earwigs, all the things that live on blood. Things that hide and creep and crawl and make no noise.

But at first I didn't know that. I only thought how picturesque the house looked, on that September day, with its windows just peering out of the ivy cloak. There seemed to be a big garden, and that pleased me, too. Afterwards I found there were hardly any flowers, only thick shrubberies, and gloomy fir trees, and damp rockeries overgrown with ferns. Evergreens are less trouble than flowers.

The maid who let me in was wrinkled and sour looking. She limped ahead of me down a passage that led to the study. I saw that the house was very dark, and the wallpaper and curtains were a dull red, and the furniture was black oak.

THE study was like the rest of the house, only there were bookshelves on the walls, and a big table-top desk with a thin old man huddled over it. He put down a magnifying glass, and looked at me through thick spectacles that needed polishing, and he had small pale eyes.

His face was shrivelled, and his hair was thin and rather long, it looked more like a dead weed than hair, it was so dry and colourless. His hands were all bone and knuckle, with a little skin stretched over them. So I liked him at once, because I always think that there's something very childlike about old people. That is, nice old people.

"Ah!" he said, "you've really come!"

His voice was high and cracked, and he spoke very deliberately. It was a sarcastic sort of voice, but I thought, "how can we help our voices?"

He went on, "I thought you might run away when you found how far it is from the station."

I said I didn't mind the house being isolated: I loved the country. That seemed to amuse him, for his lips drew away from some grey teeth, and he said:

"I cannot precisely say that I love the country. But perhaps it is a little less objectionable than the town. Less noise. Less Human Race."

I laughed politely. Then he began to

"Do you know, Miss Brown, that he is afraid of spiders?" Mr. Lerois asked me sarcastically

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

tell me about my future charge. Of course the agency had told me there was one boy of seven, an orphan living with his guardian. Now I learned that Mr. Lerois was his great uncle.

"It is a little hard," said Mr. Lerois, with a sort of smile, "that one who has successfully avoided marriage should be landed with another man's child. However, I am Richard's only living relative, and it cannot be helped."

"How terribly sad that he should lose both his parents!" I said.

"It should never have happened," retorted Mr. Lerois. "His father, you see, was a missionary. Having spent ten years in foisting his own ideology on our dear black brothers, he picked up one of their loathsome diseases, and no doubt died happy in the thought that he'd earned a martyr's crown. It didn't occur to him that he'd killed his wife, who got infected while she was nursing him, and made his child a beggar.

You are being asked to undertake a difficult child," added Mr. Lerois. "Richard is not the normal English boy. He has been brought up by blacks, in a bad climate, and an atmosphere of superstition. He is nervy and backward. Your task is to make him fit for a boarding school as soon as possible."

"I'll do my best," I said.

"I'm afraid, too," said Mr. Lerois, "that I'm going to ask you to undertake more than mere tuition. My old retainers naturally dislike the extra work that a child makes. Will you look after his clothes and keep his room tidy?"

I said I would. Then he rang, and asked the maid to send Master Richard. She looked aggrieved, but presently the boy came in and stood in a corner near the door. He was skinny and sallow, and my heart went out to him.

"This is Miss Brown," said Mr. Lerois. "She won't bite. Don't skulk over there as if she were a crocodile. Or, no . . . a spider! Do you know, Miss Brown, that he's afraid of spiders? Yes, if you hear a piercing scream you must not think that someone is being murdered: it will simply mean that Richard has seen a spider."

I went up to the boy in his corner, and shook hands, and asked if he would show me the garden. We made friends quite quickly. I felt that I should soon be able to bring him on.

So I accepted the post and started work the next week feeling very happy.

But soon I was utterly miserable.

Don't think that Richard was the trouble. Oh no, he was a dear little boy, though he was backward with his lessons, and highly strung.

It was the unfriendly old people that made me unhappy. The old cook had to peel a few more potatoes, old Annie had to wash up two extra forks and knives and spoons, old Edith had to sweep two more rooms, and none of them could forgive us for it.

I tried hard to get on with them. On the first day I stopped lessons at eleven, and went exploring till I found the kitchen. I tapped at the door and went in. They were sitting round a blazing fire, drinking tea and eating cake.

"Oh, excuse me," I said brightly, "could I have a glass of milk for Richard?"

No one moved. The old cook said, "I'm not accustomed to people coming into my kitchen."

"I only came to save work," I said, "I didn't want to ring the bell."

"I should think not indeed!" said old Annie, with a scornful laugh.

"We've got enough to do without waiting on you," said old Edith.

"I wouldn't dream of expecting it," I said, "I shall try to save work, not make it."

Still no one moved. At last I had to say, "Do you mind if I help myself?" and I went to the dresser, took a cup, filled it from the jug on the table, and said, "Thank you very much."

Will you believe it? They must have complained. Next morning at breakfast Mr. Lerois said, "Oh, Miss Brown, I should prefer Richard not to have snacks between meals. He will eat his food better if he isn't stuffing milk in the interval."

When the weather got cold our little schoolroom was like an icehouse, but no fire was lit. So I waylaid Edith one day and said, "Edith, I'm sure you'll agree with me that Richard ought to have a fire now, coming from India and all. But I know you haven't time to attend to it, so if you'll tell me where I can get the things, I'll do the fire myself."

She looked at me as if she could have killed me, and then said, "I don't like people meddling with my work."

So Richard and I shivered till I thought we must give up work and go for a walk to get warm, but it was raining, and when we got in there was nowhere to dry our things.

Edith must have complained again, because Mr. Lerois said that we had better work by the dining-room fire.

Well, you can imagine the disagreeables that meant! It was a crime to use modelling wax, or paste and scissors, or water-colours. Once when I was telling Richard a story about Tigger and Pooh, he laughed and laughed till suddenly Annie threw the door open and said:

"Have you no thought for other people? My head's fit to split with all this racket!"

It's not natural for old people to be unkind to children. But they'd lived in that house too long: the evil in the ivy had got right into them.

The gardener was a miserable old man, too. People who work outdoors are nearly always good hearted. But the ivy had poisoned him. The very first day that Richard and I were playing ball in the garden he came along and said in a hectoring voice:

"I don't want my beds trampled on!"

I promised to be careful, and hoped to make friends in time, but in vain.

Once when Mr. Lerois was complaining about Richard's nerviness to me, I suggested that it might help if he had a little garden of his own, but the only reply I got was:

"Evans would never tolerate any invasion of his domain."

Soon I saw that we must go right away from the house altogether before we could feel free from an angry watchfulness. That was difficult in bad weather, Richard was too little to tramp for hours on end, and we could not sit on wet logs in a dripping wood. Somehow I had to keep him quiet and happy in that stuffy dining-room, with no playthings, no wireless, and no friends.

There were two or three nice children from cottages that we got to know a little, and once I plucked up my courage to ask if they might come to tea, because I thought Richard ought to have some companionship of his own age. But Mr. Lerois said, "When Richard goes to school he will have quite enough to contend against without the added handicap of a Hampshire accent!"

Mr. Lerois had said when he engaged me that there was to be no church going or bedside prayers, because that raised the emotional temperature, and Richard had a tendency to hysteria already. At the time I'd agreed very willingly, but in the end I longed to go to church for the sake of company, and I wished that I could tuck Richard up at night with a prayer. Because by then I knew that evil was coming out of the ivy and trying to get us, and hoped that praying might keep it away.

It was no use to ask Mr. Lerois to change his orders. He didn't like me because I was on Richard's side, and he didn't like Richard because he was an expense and a nuisance.

If I had flared out at him or those disagreeable old women, he would have discharged me, and what would have happened to Richard then? So I held my tongue, and stayed on.

Every morning I woke up, and thought that I had to get through three wretched ordeals—breakfast, dinner and tea with Mr. Lerois and Richard. That meant nagging and tears nearly every time.

At breakfast Mr. Lerois was absolutely silent. If we chinked a teaspoon or made a chair creak, he winced.

By dinner time he was wide awake and full of sarcasm. He would cross-examine us about Richard's lessons, and tell him what a frightful time he would have at school when the boys found out he was a dud and a cry baby.

That took away the boy's appetite, and then Mr. Lerois got angry. Richard got flustered, and then his manners got worse. I am sure I could have made Richard do better if only we could have had meals alone.

Mr. Lerois was right, of course, when he said that Richard was not a normal, healthy little boy; he *was* nervy. He had nightmares that made him shout in his sleep, and sometimes sobbed and shuddered as if he had malaria. I wanted to have his bed in my room, but Mr. Lerois said it would be coddling. I saw that living in this house was making Richard worse. I could see years of unhappy childhood before him, and then what would he become? A misfit, a neurotic.

One of our greatest trials was Richard's horror of spiders.

The house swarmed with them. They came out of the ivy.

Some of them were enormous, and if they fell you heard their bodies hit the ground. Mr. Lerois said this sort was the Hampton Court spider, and only found in a few old houses. If Richard came into a room suddenly and saw one spread-eagled on the wall he would cry out before he could stop himself.

Every night I used to go round his room to make sure there were no spiders there, but often they came in by the window. He would wake to see one spread over his head, or running up the bed clothes towards him.

Mr. Lerois never let him alone about spiders. "They are most interesting creatures," he kept saying. "You must learn all about them."

He told Richard how the spiders made their webs sticky so that once a victim had brushed against one he was held fast. Then the spider darted out and bound the trespasser so tightly that he could not move, and bit him in the neck and sucked out his blood.

When Richard woke up screaming that night, I knew what his nightmare had been.

Another time, Mr. Lerois told him how the female spider always eats her

Continued on page 21

How Expert Were You?

Answers to Quiz on page 16

WORDS. (1) Mal(adroit), de(magnetize), im(probable). (2) Perambulator, cabriolet. (3) It is a pun on the name of the bone of the upper arm, the humerus. (4) Ten days; seven books. (5) Money.

LOVE. (1) To play for love is to play for nothing (no stakes); so love came to mean nothing in games. (2) Yes, he was an Italian who lived from 1725 to 1798, but probably some of his adventures are exaggerated. (3) Aphrodite, called Venus by the Romans. (4) Both are names of flowers, and both have been taken for titles of plays. (5) It was the custom to tie your lady's favour to your sleeve.

GOLD. (1) Because grains of gold were found in the sand brought down by the rivers. (2) A currency system in which the monetary unit is redeemable at a fixed weight of gold. (3) The King. (4) Midas, who was granted his wish that everything he touched should turn to gold. (5) El Dorado.

MYSTERY WRITERS. (1) Dorothy L. Sayers. (2) He was "heartily tired" of Holmes, but public demand made him bring him back to life. (3) G. K. Chesterton; he wrote the *Father Brown* stories. (4) Egyptology. (5) Pinkerton's is a world-famous private detective agency.

REFERENCE BOOKS. (1) It is now printed in America. (2) A dictionary, first published 1755. (3) A gazetteer is a geographical index, a concordance an index of significant words appearing in any particular work (e.g. the Bible or Shakespeare) with references to contents, and a glossary is a list of difficult words concerned with a particular subject or work, with their meanings. (4) They are transferred to *Who Was Who*. (5) Whitaker's *Almanack*.

HONEYBUNCH, THE FOX, AND THE CHICKEN

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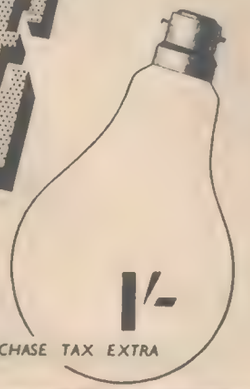

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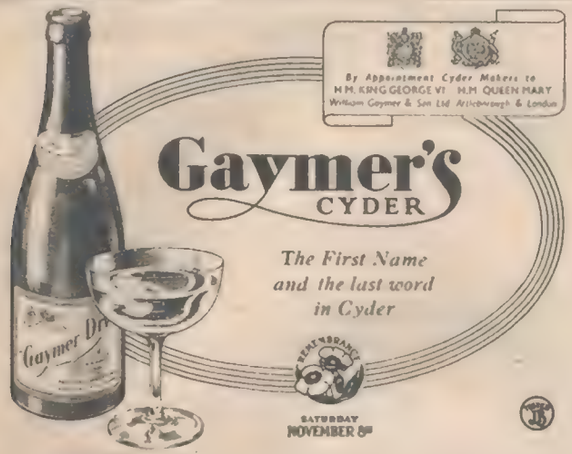
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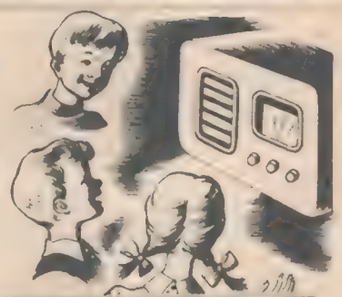

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Continued from page 18

husband. One day he answers her signal, and she bites him and drinks his blood.

He showed Richard an ugly photograph of a thing like a parrot's beak, surrounded by bristling hairs, and said it was an enlargement of a spider's jaw.

He told Richard there was a surprise for him under the sugar basin and, when the child lifted it up, one of the big spiders came scrambling out and twinkled over the cloth like a nasty black hand. Richard shrieked, and Mr. Lerois said he ought to be able to take a joke: when the boys found out he was afraid of spiders he would have them put down his neck and in his hair.

But all Mr. Lerois's little natural history talks did was to put *me* against spiders. I'd never disliked the things before, but now I felt how savage and cruel they were. Now spiders seemed to stand for all the badness that was in the house. For it was an evil place. The unkind old servants; Mr. Lerois, with his cruel teasing; the darkness and dirtiness; the selfishness—it was all evil.

How could I save Richard from it? If Mr. Lerois had beaten him I could have gone to a doctor or a policeman and said, "This child must be rescued." But there were no bruises. The law would not interfere.

Then I saw that I must save him myself.

There was a fieldmouse's nest that we found in one of the outhouses, and we used to watch the little thing pop in and out. But one day Evans saw us.

"What's that?" he said. "Oh, a mouse! I'll soon have that out.

"Don't kill it! Don't kill it!" screamed Richard. "Oh, the poor little mouse! Don't, don't, don't!"

"What does harm, that's got to be killed," retorted Evans, and poked the mouse out and smashed her.

For days afterwards the saying echoed in my mind, "What does harm, that's got to be killed."

Now I saw that Mr. Lerois did harm to Richard, and there was no way to get rid of him but by killing.

What a wicked, wicked thing to think! But the thought came to me out of the ivy. It could never have come out of my own heart. I wouldn't hurt anyone. But many soldiers are like that, only, when necessary, they make themselves kill.

So in the end I got used to the idea. My problem was how it should be done. A spider showed me the way. There was a big one in Richard's room one night, so I went to a cupboard where there was a jam jar that I used for catching the things. And there on a shelf was a coil of blind cord. It looked like a dirty tangled spider's web, and I thought of how the spiders came from the ivy, and how the ivy choked the house, and I thought of choking. . . .

I thought about it for several days. There would be no blood. No dreadful pain from poisoning. I knew I must do this thing.

I borrowed an encyclopaedia from Mr. Lerois, and read all I could about strangling. The tight rope cuts off the supply of oxygenated blood to the brain, and the victim loses consciousness, but he doesn't die for about ten minutes. Ten minutes—against all Richard's life.

I went along to the study quite late one evening, long after the servants had been asleep.

Mr. Lerois was sunk in a big chair by the fire, his arms and legs drawn up together, just like a spider when it dies.

"Well?" he said, peering at me through his smeary glasses.

"May I choose a book?" I asked.

He smiled his sarcastic smile, and said in a high dry voice, "I doubt whether I have anything that would interest you."

"May I just look round the shelves?"

"Look, by all means," he replied, and

HER £300 SILVER LINING

GARDENING and making *Bullets* are the twin hobbies of Mrs. M. Blatherwick, Denby Village, Derby. And thanks to putting a little bit of one into the other she was recently able to devote the best part of a £300 prize to helping the National Savings Campaign.

"As a gardener, I naturally know something about green fingers," she explained, "and as a housewife I am only too familiar with hard work." Thus it was easy for her to construct her neat £300 effort, WE NEED—"GREEN FINGERS"—BLACK HANDS.

"I have won over two hundred minor *Bullets* prizes in the last ten years," Mrs. Blatherwick said. "One of the most welcome was a delicious Christmas cake."

Such prizes as Christmas cakes will return to *Bullets* offers as soon as practicable. Meanwhile, tons of seasonable extras for December 25 are reserved for "Bulleteers"—and your coupon below can this week win you a £300 cheque as well as one of the first 117 invitations to JOHN BULL's Christmas Party.

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Parcels and Cash value over

£300 First Prize
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100 14 lb. Xmas Parcels

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BULLETS & XWORDS RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated November 15, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

SHE HAD A FRIEND

"It is invaluable and my only help" was the tribute paid by £300 winner Mrs. M. Blatherwick to *Bullets Bulletin*, the bright little weekly for would-be winners.

Send for your copy of this First Prize-winner's friend and guide with the label below. Post it to JOHN BULL, either alone or with your Competition entry this week.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line — then make your *Bullet* as usual.

The World's In A Mess, But
This Winter
The Russian Bear
To Stem Inflation
New Dictator
Won't Work
What We're Up Against
Shanks's Pony
Cheerfully
Waiting And Waiting
Blind Folly
Not A Sound
Social Parasite
In Desperation
Didn't Mince Matters
Her Veto
Raw Material
At The Photographer's
Taxes The Imagination
Got Off Lightly

Incomplete "Examples" — see Instructions.

No Good .....
Shifted The .....
When Auntie Tried .....
..... Scheme
Wrapped Up In .....
..... Took The Plunge And

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,601 (or XWORD 553); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.).

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Nov. 8 containing **XMAS FEASTS OFFER**

414

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THIS WEEK—VALUE UP TO

£225

£100 FIRST PRIZE
Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up— 14 lb. Xmas Parcels with each prize value 5s. or over.

New Coupon to Help You

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to make out extra Squares on plain paper, you may do so, but the new form saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

Across Clues

1. In time, climber usually manages to get over
3. Can be expected to stuff and pluck a pigeon
6. Heavy sleepers are better able to support
11. Cartoons are often this on paper
12. Can be experienced in grand opera in relatively short time
14. Sort of place where you may find knots

Down Clues

1. Strong naval force has been known to assist these
2. Throwing these overboard may be policy of desperation
4. You have to try them before you find out how sharp they really are
5. Many a one is shortened
7. A third party may be pained if you lay it on too heavily
8. Among savage tribes, there was sometimes much flourishing of
9. You may be tempted to think rabbit is this animal
10. Many a seaside holiday-maker saw one standing out boldly against the sky
13. Even such a man will be talkative in certain circumstances

"BULLETS" WINNERS No. 1,597

FIRST PRIZE, £300: E. Odan, 560 Great North Road, Woodside, Aberdeen:

PICTURE OF BRITAIN PUT YOUR SAVINGS "BEHIND"!

SECOND PRIZE, £25: P. Gee, 36 Astor Road, Burnage, Manchester, 19: OUTSIDE THE STERLING — AREA — DAD, TOWARDS FRIDAY!

THIRD PRIZE, £10: R. B. Hannant, 29 Green Lane, Portsmouth: FINGER OF FATE — DIALLING "OPPORTUNITY" — ANSWER, BRITAIN!

OTHER AWARDS: £9: G. H. Allen, 54 Sycamore Road, Cape Hill, Birmingham: WILLING TO DARE—WITH CARE—YOU'RE THERE! £8: A. J. Ward, "Woodlands," Sutherland Ave., Biggin Hill: THROUGH THICK AND THIN—ON SLENDER HOPES, STOUT-HEARTED. £7: B. Smith, 28 Chestnut Ave., Leeds, 6: WHAT'S WRONG WITH CALLING — THIS, THE "*Millstone* AGE"? £6: T. Hill, 78 Pentland Ave., Billingham, Co. Durham: WITH A SIGH OF RELIEF—MOTHER SETS THE ALARM!

SIX PRIZES of £3: D. T. Bailey, 211 Franciscan Rd., Tooting, S.W.17: A BIT TOO MUCH — "PRIVATE BUILDING," *Russia's* DOING. G. Ceely, "Braemar," West Lawn Gdns., Sandgate: WANTED IN BRITAIN — PEOPLE WHO'LL BRAVE SAHARA. M. Hoyle, 170 Broadway, Cardiff: BUT FOR CHILDREN—FLAT OURS—AND FLATNESS. J. Jones, 53 Eighth Ave., Bristol, 7: TO BREAK THE BOTTLENECK — *Gateman* PAID SANDY'S SHILLING! R. Littlejohn, 14 Alma Sq., Scarborough: A BIT TOO MUCH — DRONE DIRECTED INTO *Whitehall*! W. Stringwell, 4 Warrels Mount, Bramley, Leeds: WILLING TO HELP—BUILDER, BUT "WALLED IN."

12 Prizes of £2 10s., 25 of £1 10s., 50 of £1 and 1,500 other Awards have been posted.

2 BIG CHEQUES WON

XWORD No. 549

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Pipe. 2, Taxes. 5, Hut. 6, Pay. 9, Sky. 12, Skill. 13, Tell or Well. DOWN: 1, Pine. 2, Timed. 3, Scots. 4, Place. 7, News. 8, Bull. 10, Cold. 11, Tail.

TWO £200 SHARERS: J. Hodgson, "Wide Horizons," Newlands, Rake, Liss; H. Stanley, 4 Granville Park, London, S.E.13.

£50 CASH for Runners-up shared between 51 entrants. Awards value £25 shared amongst 37 prize-winners who submitted 8 or more 3d. entries for this Contest.

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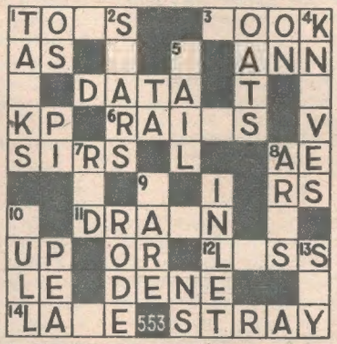

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

553 Closing Postmark, MON., OCT. 27

I enclose P.O. value....

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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Plain-paper Squares, same rate of Entry-fee. Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated November 8.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

as I was saying.... by Herbert Hodge

LET'S PUT IT IN THE KITTY

More for export leaves less in our shops—fewer things on which we can usefully spend our cash. Solution? If people won't save, make them do so

FORGIVE ME if I seem to be talking infant-school stuff this week. But I've been wondering what effect our threatened inflation is going to have on my earnings and my little bit of savings.

And as I'm rather slow in the uptake when it comes to high financial jargon, I've been trying to reduce it to a few simple words, so that I can understand it.

The present economic position seems clear enough. For years we've been trying to build up a political system that should give the ordinary wage-earner a fairer share of the national cake. But now that we've at last elected a Socialist Government, committed to a policy of fair shares all round, we've discovered there's hardly any cake to share.

Our ancestors used to blame malevolent devils for this sort of thing. A very small girl I know, finding her bed wet, blames her doll for it. Mr. Churchill, of course, blames the present Government for our troubles.

We're at Rock-bottom

If we are to blame governments, I feel we ought at least to go back as far as Baldwin; or perhaps to the Government that landed us in the first World War. As a nation, we've been getting steadily poorer ever since—ever since, that is, we lost our lead as the workshop of the world.

And now we've reached rock-bottom. We've got nothing left except our own labour-power. Some forty-five millions of us, living in this tiny overcrowded island, have either got to grow enough food to feed ourselves, or else make, and sell abroad, sufficient goods to pay the price that other countries demand for sending us some of their food.

Personally, I'd feel much happier if we could find a way of growing the food we need on our own ground. I'd far rather give up the meretricious luxuries of city life and turn to the land for my food, if it were possible, than be dependent, as we are at present, largely on the whims of the world's markets and the men who run or rig them.

But although the farming experts continue to differ about the amount of food we might one day manage to grow in this island, they're all agreed that we can't grow enough yet—however hard we try.

So, for some time to come, our only hope is to work as hard as we can to make attractive goods which we'd like to have ourselves—and then try to sell those goods abroad. Meanwhile, our own shortages will threaten us with inflation; the fewer the goods, the higher the prices.

The Money We'll Get

In return for our labour, we workers will get some pieces of paper. These pieces of paper would, in the normal way, buy some of the goods we need. But since we shall be sending most of those goods abroad, there won't be enough left in the shops to supply our needs—no matter how many notes we've got to spend.

Suppose, for instance, the present price of a good teacup is two shillings. At the moment, there are, say, twenty-five cups for sale at the local shop. If five women, each with a ten-shilling note to spend, go into that shop, they can now buy five cups apiece.

But when we start sending more cups abroad, there may be only five cups on sale in the shop at home. And if the five women go in with their ten-shilling notes, and the shop-keeper obeys the law of supply and demand, the probability is that each woman will still spend her ten shillings but will come out with only one cup.

This fantastic rise in price may not matter so very much to a woman with ten shillings to spare—especially if her husband can soon earn another ten shillings by working overtime on goods for export. But it's going to be tough on the woman with only two shillings, and with no chance of earning more. If she breaks her old cup, she'll have to drink her tea straight out of the teapot—if she's still got a teapot.

And when you apply that principle to the hundred and one non-controlled goods and services that we all need at some time or another, the outlook for the man and woman with the small, fixed income begins to look pretty grim.

In any case, this inflation, if it comes, won't do any of us any good. That's obvious. The problem is how to prevent it.

It's all very well for economists to talk about "draining off the surplus" by increasing the purchase tax, or raising the price of food by removing the Government's food subsidies. That, it seems to me, is going to hit the person with the small income as badly as inflation. Prices will go up, either way.

Besides, whether I'm earning a small income or a large one, I've got a very strong objection to anyone's "draining off" a penny of it. After all, I didn't pinch it. Nor did I win it. I earned it.

If Only Everyone Saved

I don't want to fritter away my little bit of extra earnings on silly and expensive luxuries, and I certainly don't want to hand it back to the Government in unnecessary extra taxes. I feel quite capable of looking after it myself. I'd rather save it, to spend later on, when I can get good value for it.

But, of course, if the mugs are going to insist on spending their own bit, and so forcing up prices, the money the thrifty people save will be worth even less later on than it is now. Then the savers will be the mugs.

Yet it's obvious that if everybody saved their extra bit of spending power, *while continuing to produce more goods*, we'd all stand a better chance of getting value for our money in the future.

It seems we can't rely on everybody to save. The latest figures show that voluntary savings are going down rather than up. But I don't feel that's an adequate reason for taking more money off the thrifty man in extra taxes.

Surely the fairest and most sensible way of tackling the problem is by compulsory saving, a method that would do justice to all—the thrifty and the unthrifty, the poor and the not-so-poor, alike.

Compulsory saving would keep the surplus spending money out of the shops, and so help keep down prices. It would also ensure that the man and woman who worked harder and earned extra money would be able to look forward to some personal reward for their labour. And the present income-tax machinery could be used for collecting.

I'm no economist, and don't know what this policy would be called in the language of high finance. In simple English, it looks to me like plain common sense. I'm wondering if it's a little too plain and simple to appeal to any of the Government's financial advisers.

Continued from page 21

dropped his nose into his book again.

So I walked slowly till I was behind him, and then I took the noose from my pocket, and slipped it over his neck and pulled it tight.

I pulled and pulled, with one foot against the back of the chair. His hands and feet jerked a few times, but only at first. There was no cry. I stood there, pulling with all my might and counting till I was sure ten minutes was over.

Then I ran away, trembling. I felt I must have love and comfort. So I went to Richard's room. He was asleep, but he woke up at once and called out sharply, "What's that?"

"It's only me," I said.

"I had a beastly dream," he whispered. "I was going along a path, and suddenly it crumbled away, and there was a long way to fall, and nothing to hang on to."

"Never mind," I said, "Come and sleep in my bed."

He got up at once and put his arms round me. "But what will uncle say?"

"He won't know," I said, and carried him to my room. We both slept quite quickly.

I woke up early and said:

"Richard, we are going for a walk before breakfast."

When we got down into the fusty hall, I said, "Why, there's a light in the study. Wait for me in the garden, while I go and turn it out."

Richard went on, and I made myself go into the study. I was trembling, but I had to tell the police what I saw.

The body was still sitting in the chair. The face was very dark, and the tongue was out; the smeary spectacles were still in place, and I was thankful.

Then I went out to Richard and told him his uncle had had an accident, and would never get well, so Richard was not to live at Ivy Hall any more. He would live with people who loved children, and didn't mind if they made a noise.

He said nothing, but he took my hand and held it tight. We hurried on till we got to the rectory. I walked boldly up to the door and rang the bell.

"There's been a fatal accident," I said. "Can I please see the rector? It's urgent.

Soon the rector's wife came downstairs.

"Can you take care of Richard?" I said to her. "No child ever needed kindness more."

She took him by the hand at once and said, "Come and see Sally's new kittens, and then we'll have breakfast."

As they both went off, the rector took me into a room and shut the door. "What has happened?" he asked.

"Murder," I said. "Will you get the police?"

"Murder!" he cried. "Who's been murdered?"

"Mr. Lerois," I said. "We got up early to go for a walk before breakfast, and I saw the light had been left on in the study, so I went in to turn it out, and there he was, strangled."

"Who could have done it?" said the rector. "That poor old man."

"I suppose it was the servants," I said calmly. "They expect legacies. Perhaps they tried to make it look as if a burglar had done it."

And that is what I told the police over and over again. It was no good trying to tell them the truth, they would never have understood.

Tell me you understand, tell me it was the ivy that killed him!

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

A Pole Claims his Marriage is Invalid

"IF a Pole marries an English girl in a registrar's office and later on asserts that such a marriage was not legal, will he be allowed to leave his wife and child in this country and go to America as a single man?"

Register office marriage would be quite valid. The Polish husband would not be free to desert his wife and go abroad—provided the authorities knew the facts of the case.

Must Pay Rates on Caravan

"RECENTLY I bought a plot of land for a bungalow, but building seems to be out of the question at present. Can the authorities prevent me from putting a caravan on the site and living in it until the bungalow is built?"

Whether you can occupy a caravan as a permanent residence depends on the local by-laws. If permission is given, you will have to pay rates as you would on a bungalow.

Wage-earner Whose Income Tax is not Docked

"WHEN I started work for an engineering firm some weeks ago I handed in my P.45 form, but so far no income tax has been deducted from my wages. When the error is discovered, shall I have to pay for the whole period of employment or only from the date when the matter is rectified?"

Under P.A.Y.E. regulations your employer is liable to account for all tax that ought to have been deducted from your wages, but this does not relieve you from liability. You should, however, resist any attempt to make a lump sum deduction. Payment by you of arrears should be spread over a reasonable period.

★ Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Her last bus . . .

(A TRUE INCIDENT IN A SUBURBAN STREET, THIS YEAR)

When this woman suddenly saw her bus, she forgot safety rules and made a dash for it. In that instant of forgetfulness, the car hit her. She died three hours later.

It was her own fault, of course. Our Highway Code (have *you* read it ?) tells us of a simple Kerb Drill (paragraph 15) which can easily be made an unconscious *habit*. If she had made it so, she'd be alive, with her loved ones, today.

What of the hapless motorist ? Well, he *might* have been a good enough driver to save her. Page 29 of our Highway Code warns us to take special care near bus stops of the possibility of people suddenly crossing to board a vehicle. That, and the table of braking distances, might have governed his driving so that, *expecting* danger, he had just a second in hand to *avoid* it.

KEEP DEATH OFF THE ROAD

LEARN THE HIGHWAY CODE

Issued by the Ministry of Transport

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Enrolled in the League of Lucky Dogs, your dog is sure of

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CORNISH PASTY RECIPE

6 ozs. diced potatoes. 4 ozs. diced turnips. 3 ozs. finely cut onion. 1 Oxo Cube. Same size of butter or margarine. 1 teaspoonful of flour. Salt and Pepper.

Make a pastry, roll out and cut to size and shape of a tea-plate and damp edges. Melt butter or margarine, break Oxo Cube and mix with it and then add the teaspoonful of flour. Mix well and then add about a dessertspoonful of tepid water to make into a fairly thick mixture. Place potato, turnip and onion on pastry and spread mixture, with salt and pepper to taste. Double over pastry to make pasty, crimp edges together, and bake in hot oven for half an hour.

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